MY COUNTRY
AND OTHER POEMS

THEODORE HENRY SHACKELFORD

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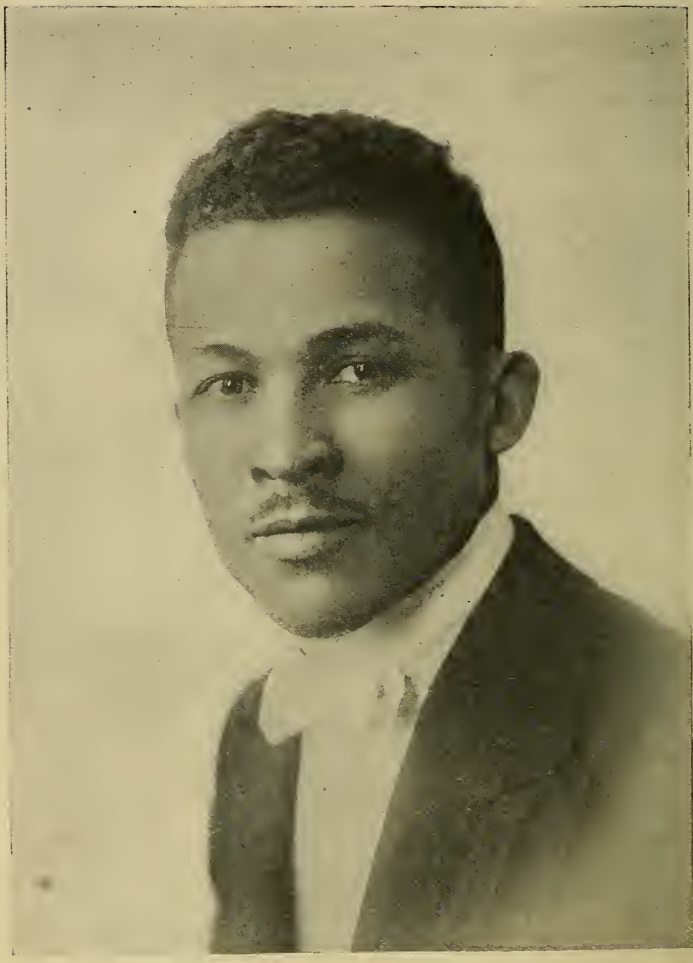

MY COUNTRY
AND OTHER POEMS

By

Theodore Henry Shackelford

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

INTRODUCTION BY CHARLES HASTINGS DODD, D.D.,L.L.D.

This volume contains all the poems included in the first volume—"Mammy's Cracklin' Bread"

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INTRODUCTION.

This new volume from the pen of my gifted young friend, Mr. Shackelford, gives very plain evidence of industry and growth. As its title would indicate the mood of all it contains is more serious than his former volume, and in that respect it reflects the deepening gravity of the public mind, beset as it now is by the pain and horror of the Great War. And yet quite fortunately Mr. Shackelford does not neglect the vein of folk-song which made his "Mammy's Cracklin' Bread" so popular.

But his readers will be glad to have such beautiful lyrics as "The Last Days of Autumn," "The Old Pear Tree," "Perseverance," "Good Night, Dear Heart," "Farewell" and "Youth's Choice." There is a fine and promising touch in these studies, and "Farewell" is really delightful in the depth of human feeling which it displays. I have been much attracted to those pieces in which the author furnishes verses with choruses for song use. Among them are "Then Aloud I Cry," "In That Great Day," and "The Big Bell in Zion." They are admirable expressions, all of them. And take their places worthily alongside the older examples of this class.

In them pathos mingles with that unconscious and insuppressible humor by which Mr. Shackelford's people are so well known.

Then there are the new dialect poems of this volume. I would select "Fin' Yo' Place," as splendidly worked out in a helpful didactic strain. But "Rastus and the Turtle," "Say a Word Faw Fathah," and "Why Pop Snowden Fell From Grace" are almost as good. There is a quaintness about them which is most pleasing.

Mr. Shackelford's touch is true. His handling of his themes is graceful, and he strikes the deeper chords with certainty and power.

I feel that our author has enriched the anthologies of dialect verse very greatly by the contributions of this and his former volume.

Not seldom, but often, are we bound to hear these excellent presentations when they become more widely known.

They are chastely couched, well balanced, and keep steadily to the levels of common experience, and yet they possess the expected elements of phantasy, and border delightfully upon superstition without actually exhibiting it. In a word they deal with the rough materials of imagination with which the Negro people are so richly endowed.

Some of Mr. Shackelford's war poems in this volume are better than others. The dialect verse "The Fifteenth Regiment," shows the author at his best.

"The Allies," and "Doing Their Bit" are satisfactory, and embody noble sentiments strongly put.

As a whole our author's second venture is to be commended for its intellectual and poetic merit. Used, as it will be, with the writer's winning personality behind it, there are no limits to the good it will do, and the pleasure and profit it will bring to the wider public.

And the best of it all is that the author is still young and will be heard again out of his deeper experiences. What we have affords only an example of that of which he is capable.

CHARLES HASTINGS DODD,
Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.
April 12, 1918.

MY COUNTRY.

Long has the world in serfdom lain,
  Beneath Autocracy.
And many on its altar slain,
  Now come democracy.
Let freedom's banners be unfurled,
Anarchy cannot rule the world,
While at its throat thy sword is hurled!
  My Country! My Country!

"Your brother's blood cries from the ground,"
  Let not those cries be vain.
Too long has bigotry been crowned,
  Arise, shake off its chain!
And let the whole world know thy worth
To cause a bright "New Freedom's" birth.
That love may dwell upon the earth,
  My Country! My Country!

Avenge the plunder, and the spoil,
  With which the foe made way,
That spirit slain on neutral soil
  Must live again some day.
Lift up poor bleeding Belgium's hands,
Strike from her wrists the despot's bands,
Proclaim her "free" throughout all lands!
  My Country! My Country!

God will uphold you in the right,
  And give you strength to win,—
To overthrow the tyrant's might—
  For God does punish sin.
And when love dwells on every shore
No more will sound the cannon's roar,
But peace shall reign forever more.
  My Country! My Country!

THE LAST SAILING.

'Twas the last ship of the season,
  Yes, in fact, the last for aye.
All who did not make this sailing
  Must at home forever stay.
For the "Isle of Dreams" was finished
  And the streets had all been laid.
All the buildings were completed
  And the last arrangements made.

'Twas a land of joy and sunlight,
  Free from chilling winds and snow,
All who loved the pure, and noble,
  To that happy land might go.
Multitudes of weary pilgrims
  Had to it already gone,
Writing back to those remaining,
  Urging them to hasten on.

And that land beggared description,
  Beauty filled it everywhere.
Beds of rainbow-tinted flowers
  Lent their perfume to the air.

Stately rows of verdant shade trees
Bordered fields of waving grain,
While a spotless, terraced city
Rose above the fertile plain.

Marble steps to it ascended
In an easy, restful flight.
Those who set their feet upon them
Found they led to Wisdom's height.
Round each dwelling was a garden
Filled with fruits and herbage rare,
All the day the song birds warbled,
Free from every earthy care.

Softest zephyrs, music laden,
Wafted there the season through.
There the clouds were white and fleecy,
There the skies were always blue.
And no idleness nor mischief
To that city brought disgrace.
Only those whose hearts were blameless
Found in it a resting place.

So the city grew and flourished,
All who went there went to stay.
Never did a soul who reached it
Ever wish to go away.
That was why the folks of Peaceville
Chartered this gigantic ship,
And were making preparations
For the grand, and final trip.

That was why the busy foot-steps
Could be heard throughout the land,
As the hour-glass recorded
Father Time's last grains of sand.

Like a graceful swan, the vessel
Rose and fell beside the quay,
Ready for that homeward voyage
To the "Isle across the sea."

Then the captain of the steamer
On the siren gave a blast,
Warning those who still were lagging
That the time had nearly past.
In his home a wealthy merchant
To his pretty daughter spake,
Telling her that she must hasten
If that sailing she would make.

Thus replied the haughty maiden,
With a sneer upon her lips,
"Nonsense father, What's the hurry?
I can buy a dozen ships."
First must she increase her beauty
By cosmetics rich and rare,
Perfumes that the gods might envy
Floated from her golden hair.

Jewelry and costly raiment
Her attention next did claim,
Though her kinsmen, now departing,
Called on her in Heaven's name.
But the maiden only answered
To each anxious advocate—
"Go, and when you reach the vessel
Tell the captain I said wait!"

Then returned she to her mirror,
Fixed her hair and dress "just so."
"Now," said she, "I think I'm ready
To that 'Dreamy Isle' to go."

Then reluctant she departed
For the ship so new and great,
But alas! the ship was moving,
And the captain cried "too late!"

"Stay," said she; "I'm ready, take me!"
Tearing wildly at her hair,
But the vessel still receded
And it left her standing there.
"Oh!' she wailed, "am I forsaken,
Is there none to share my fate?"
And her loved ones filled with pity
Shook their heads and cried, "too late!"

Not a word or parting hand-shake
Helped the maid her grief to bear,
Not one soul was there to cheer her
In that hour of despair.
Tears and prayers alike were useless,
As she stood before the gate,
Stretching out her hands entreating,
For the voice still called "too late!"

Small and smaller grew the vessel
Till at last 'twas lost to view.
With remorse she watched it fading,
Having nothing else to do.
And so hard did Conscience prick her
That her own soul she did hate,
As from far across the waters
Came the still, small voice, "too late!"

And the place remained forever
Like a city of the dead.
Never more did human beings
On those hollow pavements tread.

But her own words seemed to mock her,
"Tell the captain I said wait!"
Then would come the solemn answer
Deep and ominous, "too late!"

E'en the rats and mice departed
From that God-forsaken place.
Never more did earthly creature
Ever gaze into her face.
But a horde of little demons
On the roof did aggravate,
As they peered down at the maiden,
Clapped their hands and croaked "too late!"

Till the land reverberated,
And the maiden quaked with fear,
As the sea caught up the echo,
And resounded in her ear,
Like the awful Hall of Judgment,
Where the doomed must hear their fate
Throughout all the ceaseless ages
Of eternity, "too late!"

BE POLITE.

Be polite to those around you
At your work, and at your play;
Though it costs you not a penny
It will help you on your way.

Though the world is always busy
Toiling on from morn till night;
It has always time to notice
Any man who is polite.

OVER THE TOP.

Hid are the stars by a fog from the lowlands
Which with the darkness is coming apace,
Scarce' can a fellow his eyes help from straining
Trying to see his own hand near his face.
Three weeks and over, we've lain here and waited,
Down in the dampness and "cooties" and slop,
Now we believe that somewhere around midnight
We may be able to cross o'er the top.

My joints are stiffer than old rusty hinges,
They even creak when I get up to walk.
That's why I'm itching to get into action,
Or in their rendezvous "Bochies" to stalk.
Soon comes the order, and soon we are ready,
Through every obstacle ready to chop,—
Then what a strange, creepy feeling comes o'er us
While we are going out, "over the top."

Out in the dark, and the wire entanglements
Bristling with stickers, and loud clanging bells,
All "no man's land" is a bed of shell craters
Yawning, and gapping like "ice water wells,"

So we get pretty well soaked consequently,
Still we press onward not caring to stop
Till we shall reach our long-sought destination
Over the sand bags, and "over the top."

"Steady lads, steady now! First get your bearings,
Don't wake the beggars, by getting too rash.
First thing you know, we'll be drawing their fire,
Then the next thing, the whole squad'll be hash.
Lie down, you dummy, when star shells are gleaming!
Down on your face in the mud puddles drop,
What if you do "drink a gallon of water?"
Just so you live to get 'over the top.'

"Hey there you fool, stop that damn from ringing!—
Well never mind, he has paid with his life.—
Charge 'em now boys, since they know we are coming,
Give 'em a bayonet, bullet or knife,—
Come on men, faster there, why are you loafing?
This is no time now to falter, and stop!
Brace up, we've got but a few paces further
Then we'll be over, be 'over the top.' "

Oh God! another's hung up on the wire!
Blood streaming down from a hole in his head.
Let me go get him. "No," says the Lieutenant,
"What is the use when he's already dead?"

That's it, let's jump now and get down to business,
Then blow for blow with the "Bochies" we'll swap,
We'll pay them back for the way we were peppered
While we were making it "over the top!"

Then what excitement accompanies our jumping
Loud are the noises, the curses, and cries,
Some fight like demons, but others are captured
Ere they awake from their midnight surprise.
Some have been sent from the fighting forever,
Some in the corner like lunatics hop,
Never believing that we've reached their stronghold
Out through their fire and "over the top."

What's that you say, There is blood on my coat sleeve?
Now I remember, I did feel a sting,
Oh well, a wee little wound in the shoulder
After all isn't the very worse thing.
Just see the Bochies we made "kick the bucket,"
Must be two dozen there back of that prop,
We've lost but two of our men on the wire,
That's not so bad, sir, for "crossing the top."

What have you got on your hip there lieutenant?
Come have a heart sir, and give us a drink!
Ought to get that much for stopping these bullets
Then looking out for supplies, I should think.

See all these guns, and enough ammunition
Here in this pocket to open a shop.
Now that's not slow counting thirty-six prisoners,
Here's to your health, sir, for "crossing the top."

MARGARITA.

In a quaint Italian village
Where the mountain daisies grow,
Lived a maid named Margarita,
Many centuries ago.
And the rocks were oft' set ringing
By her sweet and plaintive singing,
As she climbed among them, clinging
To the arm of Alphio.

And this noble youth, her lover,
Was a fearless mountain guide;
Knew he all the trails and passes
Leading o'er the grim Alp's side.
Kept, he always too, his bearing;
And most joy knew he when sharing
In some deed of skill and daring,
Did this youth named Alphio.

Late one spring a band of pilgrims
Led he toward a dizzy height,—
On whose side the snow was melting
Though its crest rose cold and white,—
And the snow their eyes was blinding
As the pathway they were finding
Now round crag and crevasse winding
In the steps of Alphio.

Yet not far had they proceeded
Ere dark clouds hung o'er the way
Like some awful premonition,
Shutting out the light of day.
And from out the shadows falling,
With a swiftness most appalling
Seemed to come a faint voice calling
"Turn back, turn back, Alphio!"

Then the low'ring clouds grew blacker;
And the thunder rumbled loud;
Forkéd tongues of blinding lightning
Hissing leapt from cloud to cloud.
And the thunder's dreadful rumbling
Set an avalanche to crumbling
And into the chasm tumbling,
Bearing with it, Alphio.

And the rope secured around him
On the rocks was cut in twain,
In the depths below he vanished
And was never seen again.
Terrorized the group, retreating,—
Then with Margarita meeting,—
Heard alone this frantic greeting,
"Where, O, where is Alphio!"

Clasped she then her breast with horror
When they told her he was dead;
And before a hand could stop her
Up the treach'rous pass she fled,
Often stumbling too and falling
Now on narrow ledges crawling,
Still she pushes onward, calling
"Alphio, my Alphio!"

Faint grows she from cold and hunger,
  But she struggles upward still,—
Urges her frail body forward
  With a super-human will—
For no fate her love can sever
She has vowed to turn back—never
But to still go on forever
  Till she finds her Alphio.

Though her feet were torn and bleeding
  And her progress painful, slow,
Though her clothes were wet and clinging
  With the rain and hail and snow,
Though the storm had not abated,
Strove she onward still, not waited
Till she reached that spot ill-fated
  Where had perished Alphio.

Frozen in the pass they found her,
  When had dawned the morning light.
Lying still in death they found her;
  Sad was Margarita's plight;
And till now the peasants kneeling
At their prayers oft' have a feeling
Of an apparition stealing
    Close, and wailing "Alphio!"

Mothers tuck the covers closer
  When their babies cry of fright;
And they whisper "Margarita
  Must be hov'ring near to-night;
Still her ceaseless vigil keeping,
Over crag and torrent sweeping
On the misty air and weeping
  Alphio, my Alphio!"

Those who cross the dismal mountains
  Where the rushing waters flow,
Still may see her lonely spirit
  As she wanders to and fro;
Or upon the winds is driven
Where her lover once had striven
O'er the rocks all rent, and riven,
  Ever calling "Alphio!"

THE LITTLE RESTAURANT.

When class is out you'll see the boys
  With joy go down the street,
Then turn the corner into "Joe's"
  And scramble for a seat.
"Joe" runs a little restaurant,
  'Tis called the "Student's Friend"
Because his prices suit us boys
  With not much dough to spend.

And seniors, juniors, soph's and preps,
  At noon go flocking there;
Perhaps it would not come amiss
  To read the bill-of-fare;
A nickel buys you "coffee and—"
  Or porridge in the pot,
Or else a sandwich made of cheese,
  Or "doggie" good and hot.

Fish cakes and gravy cost a dime;
  As does a stew of lamb;
Or "fried eggs over," and besides
  A great, big piece of ham.

"Pigtail and cabbage," "ears and krout,"
"Turnips and black eyed peas,"
And "pepper hash" that's hot enough
To make a Spaniard sneeze.

For fifteen cents you get "fried fish,"
Potatoes on the side;
Or else two lines of vegetables
And "spare ribs" boiled or fried:
Or "pork chops" fat and greasy too,
Or roast beef good and prime.
But here is what I love the most,
"A thousand for a dime." *

*Baked beans.

THE LAST DAYS OF AUTUMN.

The autumn days are nearly gone,
The woods will soon be bare,
The birds collecting from the south
Are flying here and there.

The sad winds sighing through the trees,
Make such a mournful sound,
The leaves in all their brightest hues
Are falling to the ground.

The pool where once we splashed and swam
Is now so hushed and still,
The autumn rains with water soft
The cistern soon will fill.

The tumble weeds roll here and there,
All husked and cut, the corn.
The grass and fence rails now are white
With frost at early morn.

The cider mill is busy too,
And sweet the apple juice,
Which Deacon Brown is turning out
Just for his private use.

The golden-rod stands sentinel
Along the winding stream;
And rising from the crystal depths
Are little clouds of steam.

The frost has kissed the black haw's cheeks
And made them blacker still.
The farmer loads his corn with glee
And takes it to the mill.

The chipmunk works both day and night,
Nor even stops to sleep;
But spends his time in storing nuts
Down in his burrow deep.

The crow is cawing in the field,
To others of his ilk,
The thistle seeds fly far and near
On wings of softest silk.

The air is hazy in the day,
And very chill at night.
The children gather up the leaves
And kindle fires bright.

In brand new suits the chickens strut
The moulting season o'er.
The morning glory seeds have dropped
Around the kitchen door.

The vines are loaded down with grapes,
So sweet and large and blue,
The apple trees along the lane
Are heavy laden too.

The pop corn has been placed to dry
Upon the kitchen roof;
The shells upon the hickory nuts
Have curled their lips aloof.

Then what care we for sighing winds,
Or frost at early morn?
For very soon we'll crack the nuts,
And pop and eat the corn.

Hurrah, then for the autumn time,
There's plenty to be done;
And wind and frost will only add
More zest to our fun.

CATS.

On the back fence ob my neighbo'
On a cleah and frosty night,
Two ole tomcats gray an' grizzled
Met to hab dey usu'l fight.
An' dey made de evenin' echo
Wid daih yellin' an' daih screams,
Givin' chillen awful nightmaihs,
Wakin' grown folks from daih dreams.

Dis had been de nightly 'currence,
Ev'ry night about a yeah;
Jis dese fightin', screamin' tomcats
Dat was all dat you could hyeah.

One man went an' bought a 'volver
  Tickly dem same cats to shoot;
But when he would 'proach a window
  My, oh my! how dey would scoot!

But when he was gone you'd see 'em,
  On dat same old back yahd fence,
An' dey'd scratch an' bite each othah,
  'Case dey made no false pretence;
On the evenin' which I speaks ob
  To de window I did crawl;
An' I th'owed my big ole bootjack,
  'Fo'e dey knowed I'd th'owed at all.

And I put some speed behin' it,
  But it missed dem feline gents.
And I tell you I was sorry,
  All de same it hit de fence.
It jus' struck right close behin' 'em,
  An' it skaihd dem tomcats so,
Dey bofe lef' de fence to-gethah,
  Landed in de yahd below!

In dat yahd dair was a bull-dog,
  Big an' cross, but lean an' thin.
When he saw dem two intrudahs
  On daih hides he did begin!
He would grab 'em in de necks, suh,
  And would toss 'em in de aiah,
Till it looked jis like a cyclone,
  Bulldog, cats an' flyin' haih!

Yes, he made it interestin',
  He jis nachly raised a fog.
Till at las' de man dat owned him
  Come out daih an' kotched his dog.

Den' you ought o' seen dem tomcats,
Makin' time out ob dat yahd,
When at las' dey retched de alley
Man dey sho was runnin' hahd!

An' dat dog I'd gib ten dollahs
Such a one as him to own,
Faw he sholy was a mona'ch
An' dat yahd it was his th'one.
Oh! he shook 'em up wid vengeance
An' a dollah I will bet,
If dem old tomcats ain't drapped dead
Dey's bofe a-running yet!

THE ALLIES.

Sank the sun in purple splendour
On the shell-torn Western front
Came a hush along the sector
Which had borne the battle's brunt.
Came a fleeting moment's respite,
To relax and calmly wait,
Till should start anew that shelling
Which is called the "Prayer of Hate."

Lay two Allies sorely wounded
In a crater all alone.
One suppressed a sob of anguish,
One withheld a smothered groan.
Spake they each a different language,
Came they each from different climes.
But the "ideal" which they bled for
Made them brothers through all times.

"Friend," cries one, "my day is over,
You have still a chance, so go!"
But the other grim, determined,
Shakes his head and answers, "No,
Never shall the heel of foeman
Tread upon thy helpless head
Till my soul has sought its Maker
And my spark of life has fled."

"There will be no quarter given—
We are brave, there'll be none sought—
But I vow that those who take us
Soon will find we're dearly bought.
Side by side we've fought together
Since this conflict first began,
Now, with death so near and certain,
Each must prove himself a man."

Then the centimetres thundered,
And the mitraileuses roared,
And the gas, like fog descended,
And into the tenches poured.
Quick as thought one wounded comrade
Places on the other's face
His own mask, and takes a 'kerchief,
This protection to replace.

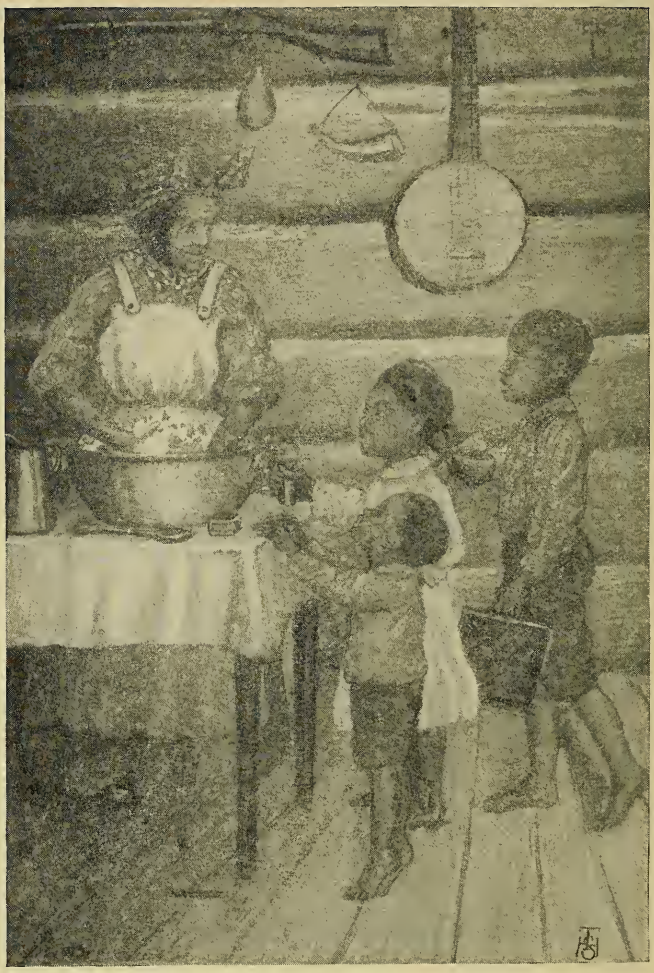
Hot, and hotter grows the fighting,
Shells are bursting o'er the ground,
While their deadly molten contents
Spread destruction all around.
And the utter devastation
Which ensues no tongue can tell,
In that yellow mist is lurking
All the foul fiends of hell!

Strong men strive to rise, then falter,
Put forever from the fight.
All is terror and confusion,
All is chaos, black as night!
But at last the fog has lifted,
Still the danger is not past
For the Prussians' "Zero Hour"
Is approaching very fast.

Now the foe is "crossing over,"
Now the bugle sounds "retreat,"
But these heroes in the struggle
Both prepare their end to meet.
One, 'tis he less sorely wounded,
Fixes for them both the guns,
And his task is scarce completed
Ere appear the hated "Huns."

And they smite each son of "Kultur"
As he shows his brutish face,
Till a hand-to-hand encounter
In the shell-hole then takes place.
Now they rise in desperation
As their foes surround the spot.
Now their bayonets leap like lightning,
Now their blows fall thick and hot!

Though out-numbered, still they fought them,
Neither was their fighting vain,
For a dozen foes lay gory
Ere they too at length were slain!
Side by side in death they found them,
When had ceased the battle's hum,
One the "Fleur-de-lis" was wearing,
One from Africa had come.



An' stirred it wid huh han'.

MAMMY'S CRACKLIN' BREAD

Sometimes when you has done yo' bes',
  But t'ings has all gone wrong,
An' troubles almos' weights you down,
  As you goes walkin' 'long.
An', p'r'aps, you's got de rheumatiz,
  An' pains across yo' head;
Why, all you need to fix you up
  Is jis some cracklin' bread.

Dat bread it wo'ks like magic, suh;
  Yo' pains all vanish 'way;
An' when you finish eatin' it
  You's feelin' mighty gay.
No mattah if all day you feet
  Has felt like chunks ob lead,
  You jis feels like a-prancin' when
  You eats dat cracklin' bread.

Now we has lots o' mode'n cooks
  What t'inks dey knows a lot,
But as faw makin' cracklin' bread,
  Why dey can't eben staht.
My mammy was a "old-time cook,"
  So all ouah neighbo's said;
But what made me so proud ob huh
  Was mammy's cracklin' bread.

Now cracklin's was de t'ings she got
When she had tried out lahd,
An' cooked de fat an' skins an' stuff
'Till dey was crisp and hahd.
And mammy said when she was young
On cracklin's she was fed,
Dat's why she was so good, you see
At makin' cracklin' bread.

An' when she took dat salt an' meal
An' put it in de pan,
Thowed in 'bout dat much cracklin's den,
An' stirred it wid her han',
Po'wed in a quaht ob souah milk,
An' had de oben red;
Why, you could smell a mile away
Dat good ole cracklin' bread.

On Satu'days my fathah would
Dat grist mill go an' seek,
An' he would bring home on his back
Co'n meal to las' a week.
'Cause Sundays, when de chu'ch was out,
An' benediction said,
Folks sho' would flock to ouah house
To git dat cracklin' bread.

Once I was bad in Sunday school
An' stomped an' kicked my feet,
When teacher come to tell on me,
Paw axed him in to eat;
He stuffed an' stuffed an' den got up,
'Thout op'nin' his head,
An' what kep' him from tellin' sho,
Was mammy's cracklin' bread.

Once when my Paw was cuttin' wood,
He got hit in de eye;
He come home in de amberlance,
De doctah said he'd die.
He wrapped his head all up in gauze,
An' propped him up in bed;
But when he called nex' mornin', Paw
Was eatin' cracklin' bread.

An' den my bruthah taken sick,
Doc said he couldn't live.
An' nothin' but raw eggs an' milk
My maw to him should give.
But mammy jis did opposite
To all de doctah said,
Dat kid got strong an' healthy, too,
On mammy's cracklin' bread.

Once when a 'oman brought her chile
To play on ouah lawn,
A bulldog run right at de kid
Befo' dat she was gone.
An' he was sho' fierce-lookin', too,
His eyes was big an' red.
He looked so bad dat mammy run
An' lef' huh cracklin' bread.

"Oh, Lord, please save dat baby, do!"
My mammy cried wid feah.
An' mammy's prayeh was answ'ed den,
Aldough no help seemed neah.
I stopped him in his head-long rush—
I th'owed an' knocked him dead!
I hit dat bulldog wid a hunk
Ob mammy's cracklin' bread!

GOD WILL MAKE IT RIGHT.

For fifty and two hundred years
  Did slavery hold its sway;
And now, though fifty more have passed
  It still exists to-day.
You seem to doubt my falt'ring words
  But look and you will see
That when a man is bound and gagged
  He surely is not free.

And we are bound for men dictate
  Where we must go to eat;
And tell us that we must vacate
  Some sections of the street.
And prejudice is sweeping on
  With strides both long and fast,
And we are gagged, for in some States
  Our vote we may not cast.

And often in the papers, too,
  Most dreadful things I see,
Of lynchings and of other things
  To hinder you and me.
Unbidden tears flow down my cheeks
  As I sit there alone;
"God pity us!" I cry aloud
  To Him on Heaven's throne.

Then instant comfort comes to me,
The sun shines out again,
And I a brighter future see,
I have not prayed in vain.
We do not need to fret and grieve
When billows round us roll,
Prayer is the panacea which
Will comfort every soul.

For God will help us if our cares
Upon Him we will cast,
And through the storm will guide the ship
To harbor safe at last.
No burdens great, like mountains then
Shall loom upon our sight.
And all the wrongs which we've endured
The Savior will make right.

Then on that happy blissful shore
No sorrow we shall feel;
"There moth and rust shall not corrupt
Nor thieves break through and steal."
No prejudice, nor vice, nor crime
Shall in those walls abide
For those who cherish evil hearts
May enter not, inside.

There unjust men shall not dictate
Nor sit upon the throne.
God rules supreme on that estate,
It is His very own.
There murm'ring brooks forever flow
Through gardens fair and wide;
There rich and fragrant flowers grow;
There love and peace abide.

NOW THEY BELIEVE ME.

Just why it was, I've often tried,
But still I cannot see,
Whate'er I said when I was young
Folks always doubted me;
"I'm going to leave you, Paw," said I,
When I became a youth;
"Aw, shut up, boy," said paw to me,
"You never tell the truth!"
Now he believes me, but it's too late!

Out in the country one spring day
I caught a little squirrel,
And on my way returning home
I met a little girl;
She asked me to give him to her,
I told her he would bite;
She said "I want him just the same,
I guess he'll act all right."
Now she believes me, but it's too late!

We had a pet canary once,
We called him "little Pete,"
And on the floor he used to hop,
In search of crumbs to eat;
And so one day I said to him:
"Now, Pete, stay off that floor
Or else that cat will fix you so
That you can't sing no more."
Now he believes me, but it's too late!

There was a boy next door to us,
And he was awful bad;
He used to pick the grapes from off
The only vine we had.
And so one day I said to him,
"Here's what I'm going to do:
Next time I catch you in this yard
I'll sic my dog on you."
Now he believes me, but it's too late!

We used to have an apple tree
A-growing in our yard;
I saw my brother eating some
When they were green and hard.
I said "Don't eat another one,
They're green as they can be,
For if you do, I'll bet you'll wish
You'd never seen a tree."
Now he believes me, but it's too late!

Out in a berry patch one day
We saw a hornet's nest;
It was admired very much
By me and all the rest.
"I'm going to poke it with a stick,"
A fellow said to me.
"Now, if you touch that tree" said I,
"You'll wish you'd let it be."
Now, he believes mee, but it's too late!

A neighbor, who lived close to us,
Once let a credit man
Sell him a new pianoforte
Upon the credit plan.

"Now, don't you do it," I advised;
"To pay the cash is best,
For if you get in debt to him
He'll never let you rest."
Now he believes me, but it's too late!

I used to run a chicken ranch.
An enemy of mine
One night came there and stole from me
A pair of broilers fine;
As he was leaving, I called out,
"Now, if you start to run
I'll have to pull this little thing
That sticks beneath my gun."
Now he believes me, but it's too late!

A friend of mine once loved a girl,
'Twas many years ago,
And he would seek me for advice,
As fellows will, you know.
"Don't you think we're a dandy pair?"
He grinned and said to me.
"Pal, if you marry her," said I,
"You'll wish that you were free."
Now he believes me, but it's too late!

PERSEVERANCE.

Though you "try again" and fail,
Never cease from trying;
But with spirit brave advance
Failure's threats defying.

Disappointments there will be
Which will sorely trouble;
But to those who conquer them
Strength will then come double.

Though your cherished hopes may lie
Trodden in the mire,
Though the goal so distant seems
Which you most desire;
Though the lightnings cleave the sky,
Though the darkness hide you;
If your course you still pursue,
God above will guide you.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

Rough the course and long the voyage,
Which my "ship of dreams" has sailed.
Great the prizes which were offered,
Great her chances to have failed.
In suspense she long has kept me,
Waiting for her day by day;
Praying that she, in strange waters,
Might not sink nor lose her way.

But today my heart is lighter
As I feel the steady breeze,
And my glass sweeps o'er the white-caps,
Out to where, upon the seas
Bearing every inch of canvas,
Standing proudly round the bar,
Making for the inner harbor,
I can see my ship afar.

THE THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHTH INFANTRY.

Go on Three Hundred Sixty-Eighth,
  Go on in Heaven's name!
There's work ahead which you must do
  If you would conquer fame.
You'll meet with hardships on the way
  To try the bravest soul.
But never let them hinder you
  From getting to the goal.

Go on Three Hundred Sixty-Eighth,
  You're noble soldiers, all.
No truer men on all the earth
  Have heard their country's call.
Yet there are critics watching you,
  To see how you fall in;
So let them see that by God's grace
  You're going out to win.

Go on Three Hundred Sixty-Eighth,
  Prepare to do your share.
We know there'll be a hot old time
  When you get "over there."
"Your country needs you," falter not,
  Though others "slack" and "shirk";
Roll up your sleeves and show the world
  That you know how to work.

Go on Three Hundred Sixty-Eighth,
  Go prove your loyalty,
And do your bit to "make the world
  Safe for Democracy."

Go help avenge poor Belgium's wrongs,
  Expose the "fake," the "sham,"
And get the glory which belongs
  To "Sons of Uncle Sam."

ELENOR.

Turn low the lights in the sad, lonely hall,
  Tenderly smooth out her hair,
For she has answered the grim reaper's call,
  She who was gentle and fair.
Scatter the roses all over her bier,
  Shower the leaves at her feet;
Gone is my ideal, my joy and my cheer.
  God, what an awful defeat!

Draw to the blinds from the world's thoughtless gaze,
  Keep her shut in from their sight.
My heart is bleeding, my mind is adaze,
  My soul is bereft of its light!

Close up the harpsichord, 'tis not needed now,
  Her fingers can touch not the keys.
No more at her playing shall royalty bow
  Nor poor weary souls feel at ease.
Silent the mansion where once music rang,
  Driving all sorrow away,
Hushed are those lips which so tenderly sang,
  My love is dreaming today.
There 'neath the roses so gently she sleeps,
  There rests the one I adore.
My sun went down the passing of you;
  Farewell, my sweet Elenor.

THE GOOD OLD SHIP SAILED ON.

Once a builder built himself a boat
To ride on stormy seas.
She was staunch as any ship afloat,
And she took the waves with ease.
As he launched her for her trial trip
To be a long time gone,
The breezes blew, the canvas filled,
So the good old ship sailed on.

Then a storm arose, and the lightning flashed,
And the thunders loudly rolled,
And the vessel past a lighthouse dashed,
Where the bell its warning tolled.
But the sailors which the captain chose
Possessed both brain and brawn
So that as the day drew to its close
Why the good old ship sailed on.

Though no stars came out and the night grew black,
And the billows tossed and roared
Though no other vessel crossed her track
And the rain in torrents poured.
Still the men kept heart and worked along,
And at last appeared the dawn;
Then they all burst forth in a merry song
And the good old ship sailed on.

NONE THERE.

Once Bridget Murphy used to work
  Down in a small hotel.
And why she hated colored folks
  Was hard indeed to tell.
But when a rich old uncle died
  And willed to her his all,
A dozen servants she employed
  To answer to her call.

But not a colored man or maid
  Was ever seen around,
For Bridget said "upon my place
  No nygers shall be found,"
And mean and meaner Bridget grew
  Until at last one morn
The angel Gabriel came to her
  And loudly blew his horn.

And Bridget, then upon her knees,
  Said in her last long prayer,
"Please take me where no nygers are,
  For them folks I can't bear."
"In purgatory," Gabriel said,
  "You'll find there are a few;
Some in the first, some in the last,
  Some in the middle pew."

Then Bridget, who was quick of speech,
  Said "I would not object
If into Heaven's pearly gates
  I took my flight direct."

"But, oh, you'll find large numbers there,"
The angel meekly said.
"Well, find a place where they can't come"!
Said Bridget, turning red.

Then Gabriel's wrath was all turned loose,
No longer was he meek.
But like a lion then roared he,
As Bridget heard him speak,
"All right then, madam, you shall go—
In answer to your prayer—
To hell, and to its hottest part,
You'll find no nygers there."

SONNET.

Oh, care-free youth one word I pray,
That age just now might speak to thee.
For thine own sake give ear to me,
And heed the words I speak to-day;
For wisdom comes when heads are gray,
And eyes are dim and scarce can see.
But how much better it would be
Before our best has passed away,
Would we conserve both mind and health
For times when we should be in need.
Nor spend-thrifts be to squander wealth
And neither be a slave to greed.
But strive to live as years unfold
A life of service e'en though old.

THE BIG BELL IN ZION.

Come, children, hear the joyful sound,
Ding, Dong, Ding.
Go spread the glad news all around,
Ding, Dong, Ding.

Chorus.

Oh, the big bell's tollin' up in Zion,
The big bell's tollin' up in Zion,
The big bell's tollin' up in Zion,
Ding, Dong Ding.

I've been abused and tossed about,
Ding, Dong, Ding.
But glory to the Lamb, I shout!
Ding, Dong, Ding.

My buthah jus' sent word to me,
Ding, Dong, Ding.
That he'd done set his own self free.
Ding, Dong, Ding.

Ole massa said he could not go,
Ding, Dong, Ding.
But he's done reached Ohio sho'.
Ding, Dong, Ding.

Ise gwine to be real nice an' meek,
Ding, Dong, Ding.
Den I'll run away myself nex' week.
Ding, Dong, Ding.

THEN ALOUD I CRY.

Sometimes I feel like Ise got wings
An' able mos' to fly,
Till Satan comes an' clips 'em off
An' den aloud I cry.

Chorus.

Den aloud I cry,
Den aloud I cry,
Till Satan comes an' clips 'em off,
An' den aloud I cry.

Some folks preten' dey's livin' saints
An' ready den to die;
But when dey t'ink dey's got to go
Why den aloud dey cry.

Some folks rise up so high in life
Dey pass daih friends on by
Until dey git a real hahd fall
An' den aloud dey cry.

Some folks drink whiskey through de week
An' steal, an' cheat, an' lie.
On Sundays, dough, dey go to church
An' den aloud dey cry.

Some folks dey run down othah folks,
But sneak out on de sly
Until you ketch 'em in daih sins
An' den aloud dey cry.

In thinkin' 'bout de days gone by.

DE SWEET CO'N PATCH

In thinkin' 'bout de days gone by,
(Dem sho' was happy days)
I sometimes stops an' dwells upon
My pas', wild, reckless ways.
An' den I hab to wondah whaih
Dat I right now would be,
If som'pin hadn't teched my heaht
An' made a change in me.

'Cause I would go in comp'ny bad,
An' we wid joy would shout,
When in de wustest debbilment
Dat we could tink about,
But one time—which I 'members well—
When I sho' met my match,
Was when I went one time too much,
In Youngses' sweet co'n patch.

Mos' ebry night we'd go out daih
Wid sha'pened sticks an' wiah,
An' we would steal de bigges' yeahs
An' roas' 'em in de fiah.
An' so one evenin' as de sun
Was slowly goin' down,
You mout ha' seen me on de road
'Bout half a mile frum town.

I fust come to a fiel' ob beans,
An' den de sweet co'n patch,
I slipped in froo de wiah fence
An' nebber got a scratch.
Now ole man Young dat vaihy day,
While he was strollin' roun',
Had seen de cobs an' shucks we lef'
A layin' on de groun'.

He stopped an' studied up a way
Dat he could hab some fun.
He sent his wife to town an' got
Some rock-salt faw his gun.
Now when he shot dat gun ob his
It sho' did make some fuss.
It flaihed out kind o' funnel shape—
'Twas called a blundah-buss.

Well, as I slid in froo dat fence,
An' stood upon his place,
Why, "Ole Man Young" an' dat ah gun
Was lookin' in my face!
An' he stood daih faw quite a while,
But not a wohd he said.
An' great big draps ob sweat like dat
Popped out upon my head.

An' I was tremblin' in de knees,
An' knowed not what to do,
Until he went to prime dat gun,
An' den I almos' flew!
You ought to seen me cleah dat fence,
An' git out ob dat co'n,
He yelled at me to halt, you know,
But I jis kep' right on.

An' when he seen I didn't stop,
When he tol' me to halt,
He raised dat blundah-buss an' filled
My breeches full ob salt!
An' den I did commence to sprint,
I made a awful dash,
An' passed dat co'n an' beans so fas'
It looked like succotash

An' as I clim' de hill faw home
My eyes was filled with teahs,
Which was de las' dat I has shed
In lo! dese fohty yeahs.
'Cause now if I gits in a place
Whaih trouble's apt to hatch,
My mind goes back wid lightnin' speed
To dat ah sweet co'n patch.

SOME DAY

Some day, my trials here will cease,
Some day, my failures will be o'er;
Some day, I'll close my eyes in peace,
Some day, I'll rest forever more.

Some day, I'll break these prison bars,
Some day, my soul shall mount up, free!
Some day, my crown bedecked with stars
Some day, I'll dwell, my Lord with Thee.

NOAH AN' DE AHK.

An Ante-bellum Sermon.

We will take faw ouah subjec'
What de scripshurs give to us.
Gene-sees, de seventh chaptah—
Fust to twenty-second vuss.
Now, de worl' had got so wicked
Dat de people wan't no good.
An' de Lawd had done tole Noah
"Make an ahk of gophah wood."

Faw a hundahd yeahs aw ovah
Noah's fambly wohked away,
While de sinnahs stood aroun' 'em
Laffin', teasin', all de day.
But at las' de ahk was finished
So de watah it would shed.
Den de clouds commenced to gathah,
An' to blacken ovah-head.

Den ole Noah he got busy
Wid de birds dat goes on wings,
An' de rats, an' mice, an' bed bugs,
An' de othah creapin' t'ings.
Den he driv 'em in his ahk, suh,
An' dey scrouged up clost to him,
Like a possum when he's hongry
Scrouges on a simmon limb.

Den de win' hit stahted blowin'
  An' de rain comminced to poah,
While de lightnin' flashed an' crackled,
  An' upon de lan' did roah.
Den de peoples all got frightened,
  An' dey'd run aroun' an' scream.
An' de whole creation acted
  Like a night-maih in a dream.

An' de watahs suh was bilin'
  Like a kittle when its full
An' de illiments was loosened
  Like a aggrivated bull.
An' de mountings rocked an' trimbled
  While dem rain clouds bust an' fell;
An' de worl' was covahed deepah
  Dan Ise got de tongue to tell.

Den at las' you know de gushers
  Ob de deep was all cut loose,
An' dem springs a spoutin' watah
  In dat ocean raised de doose.
An' de wicked kep' a-yellin',
  An' a-swingin' on dat ahk;
But ole Noah an' his fambly
  Was as happy as a lahk.

Yes, suh, sisterin an' breth'en,
  He was mighty happy, too,
Knowin' dat he'd done his dooty
  Like de Lawd done tole him to.
An' faw fohty days dat watah
  Kep' a-churnin' up an' down
T'well it almos' seemed a myst'ry
  Dat de fishes didn't drown.

But at las' it ceased a-rainin'
An' dey settled on a rock.
Noah den shoved up de winder—
Poked his noggin out de ahk.
Den he sent him out a raven,
But de watah was so wet
Dat de raven didn't tarry,
Ca'se daih wasn't no place to set.

Noah sent a dove out nex' den,
An' he flew right straight down Souf,
Till he foun' some olive branches
An' he brought dem in his mouf.
Den you oughter hyeah de shoutin'
Noah whooped an' yelled faw faih.
Yes, suh, chillen dey was happy,
When dat happened ovah daih.

I kin see ole Noah runnin'
Wid dem switches in his han',
'Ca'se he knowed dat dove had got 'em
Whaih dey growed upon dry ian'.
But he staid a few days longah,
Den he come on out de ahk,
An' I know dat he was tiahd
Stayin' so long in de dahk.

I kin see him an' de critters
Comin' out ob doo's again,
Glad dat dey could stretch daih limbs, suh,
'Thout 'em gettin' soaked wid rain.
Den he set him out a vine-yahd,
An' de grapes jis' growed so fine
Dat ole Noah went to wohk, suh,
Made a hogshead full ob wine.

An right daih his trouble stahted
An' he acted like a dunce,
Took dat hogshead full of wine, suh,
An' he drinked it up at once.
I'll attemp' no exegesis,
Naw profoun' philosophy,
But I'll use de plaines' langrage
So as I kin make you see.

Now de pint I wants to 'lustrate
Is, de trouble he got in
Come from bein' so intemprit.
Dat was whaih he done de sin.
Hyeah he drinked up all dat wine, suh,
Goin' at dat rapid gait;
While 'twould lasted all de wintah
Had he been mo'e moderate.

NOW I'VE CHANGED.

Oft' I've hungered for riches, position and wealth,
For a place as it were in the sun,
For a monument grand which would stand o'er my grave,
When my task upon earth had been done.
And I envied the rich man and longed for his ease,
And the servants who came to his call,
And the silver and gold which he squandered at will,
Just as though it were nothing at all.

Then one night in a dream I grew suddenly
rich,
There was gold, yellow gold, all around,
And the walls of my mansion with precious
stones gleamed,
For my treasures e'en covered the ground.
And refined invitations embellished with gold
To the rich and the great I did send.
There were scores who responded and came to
my feast,
But I saw not the face of a friend.

When at last it was over the guests rose to go,
Amid bowing and scraping to me,
And they each one declared me the greatest of
hosts,
But deceit in their eyes I could see.
Then came a grand fellow who bowed to the
floor,
For a moment I swelled in my pride;
Then he drew out a dagger to plunge in my
heart!
I awoke, or from fear I had died.

Now, I pray for a heart that from envy is free,
For a soul that is pure as the dew,
For a mind in which dwells but the noblest of
thoughts,
For a life that is humble and true.
For he profiteth not, though a man may be
great
If his greatness is boughten with strife,
Though he gather the riches of Croesus himself
If to gain it he giveth his life.

ODE TO FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

(One hundred years after his birth.)

Oh, statesman, orator, and friend,
Our thanks to thee we bring,
This centenary of thy birth
A song we also sing.
But much too weak our voices are
And far too slight the praise
To e'er repay thee for the good
Accomplished in thy days.

When slavery's galling yoke oppressed
Thy weak, submissive race,
And human beings bowed their heads
In misery and disgrace.
When oft' the fairest womanhood
Was placed by driver bold
On auction block in scant attire
To be like chattels sold.

And then to rice and cotton fields
Like dumb brutes to be driven,
And robbed and cheated of the rights
Which God to them had given,
While stinging lash, and galling chain
Brought forth heart-rending cries,
Then thou denounced that hellish wrong
In tones which reached the skies.

And, used no sugar coating, thou,
To make thy words more sweet,
But spoke of slavery as a crime
Which Christians should defeat.

Thou told the Nation of its sin
Until in sheer alarm
The violators of God's laws
Strove hard to do the harm.

But still thy efforts never ceased,
Nor wouldst thou compromise
To hold thy peace and close thine ears
Against thy kinsman's cries.
Thy seed took root, sprang up and grew,
Brought forth an hundred fold
The harvest of thy planting then
Was wond'rous to behold.

Thy words were hurled from coast to coast
And burned like living fire,
Till other souls were set aflame
By thy sincere desire.
And to thy side came fearless men,
Who wore no coat of gauze,
But armed with truth and righteousness,
They championed thy cause.

Then when secession rent the land,
And war had been declared,
At thy request the Negro
In self defense was bared,
And eighty thousand men or more,
Brave, loyal Negroes all,
Who laughed at death for freedom's sake,
Did answer to the call.

And by their aid the day was won,
The Union was maintained,
And those, but late in bondage held
Their liberty had gained.

Nor didst thou seek for selfish praise,
  Nor hope for further pay
Than this that thou might welcome in
  The dawn of Freedom's Day.

Now though thy form lies mouldering
  Thy fame has spread abroad,
Until the mention of thy name
  Doth cause men to applaud.
For O, how well thy work was done!
  Thou left no stone unturned.
Thy name in blazing characters
  Upon our hearts is burned.

Thy children's children tell their sons
  About thy deeds sublime.
Thy history shall be preserved
  Until the end of time.
And echoes of thy eloquence
  Through this proud land shall ring,
Till thou receive thy starry crown
  From Jesus Christ the King.

IN THAT GREAT DAY.

When we're crossing over Jordan,
  And the wicked have not any place to stand,
I'll be walking with my Saviour,
  J'll be walking with my Saviour on dry land.

Chorus.

In that great day,
In that great day,
In that great day in the morning,
I'll be there. (Repeat)

When this whole world is in darkness,
And the wicked run around and cannot see,
I'll be walking with my Saviour,
And I know He'll be light enough for me.

When this whole world starts to tremble,
And the wicked fear, and cannot stand the shock,
I'll be standing with my Saviour,
And I know He's the everlasting rock.

When the mountains start to falling,
And the wicked have not any place to flee,
I'll be standing with my Saviour
And I know I'll be safe eternally.

When this whole world is on fire
And the wicked through the flames will have to grope,
I'll be standing with my Saviour
And I know He is life and joy, and hope.

THOUGH THE EAGLE MAY SOAR.

I have a strange story to relate tonight,
You don't hear its kind every day.
It tells of a maiden betrothed to a youth;
It tells how she wandered astray.
The fellow was constant, although he was young;
He loved her more than his own life.
He dreamed of the future and what it would bring;
He planned soon to make her his wife.

Alas though! the maid met a wealthier man
And moved to a far, distant state.
The youth, broken hearted, but still trusting on
Became reconciled to his fate.
He said though the eagle may spread out its wings
And soar to a far dizzy height,
Yet he, like the sparrow, the swallow, the wren,
Must come to his nest at night.

He governed his temper, and plodded along
Till fortune rewarded his toil.
He then bought a mansion surrounded by lands,
And lavished his love on the soil.
And rich vegetation sprang up at his touch
And flowers made cheery the way.
The poor and the needy he ne'er over-looked,
But brought joy to some one each day.

He made others better and this his reward,
Contentment, and sunshine, and love,
And God gave him riches, companions and friends,
And guided his steps from above,
For deeds like an eagle may sail far away,
And often be lost from our sight,
But they, like the sparrow, the swallow, the wren,
Must come to their nests at night.

One cold winter's evening a knock at the door
Did call servants thither in fright,
And there stood a woman in deepest distress—
She was a most pitiful sight—
Her voice, cracked and shaky, could scarcely be heard,
Her features were haggard and worn.
Her hair was quite thin, and was sprinkled with gray,
Her clothing was tattered and torn.

She looked at the servants and tremblingly said:
"I beg you don't turn me away.
For as you treat others in going through life,
Like that you'll be treated some day.
Although the great eagle may spread out his wings
And rise to a wonderful height,
Yet he, like the sparrow, the swallow, the wren,
Must come to his nest at night."

They brought the poor creature without more ado
Into the grand mansion, so warm,
They fed her and clothed her and nursed her with care,
They shielded her head from the storm.
Then ere she departed the story she told
Of how she had come to such shame.
She said "although others have helped bring it on
Yet I most of all am to blame."

"Once I was engaged to a noble young man,
I promised that I'd be his wife.
Then along came a man whom I wed for his wealth.
One false step has ruined my life.
But even in childhood I often beheld
The eagle with all of his might
Must act like the sparrow, the swallow, the wren,
And come to his nest at night."

"At first I was happy and lived like a queen—
My wagon was hitched to a star—
Then trouble arose and my husband began
My peace and my pleasure to mar.
And ten bitter years have rolled over my head,
No wonder my hair has turned gray,
At last in a rage he attempted my life,
I saved it by running away.

"I've fared hard since then, though I've been put in jail,
I've slept in the streets many times.
The thief and the vagrant my bedmates have been,
I've witnessed unmentionable crimes.
So what if the eagle can spread out his wings,
And rise to some far, dizzy height,
When he, like the sparrow, the swallow, the wren,
Must come to his nest at night?"

"Oh, would I could stop Father Time in his course,
And live those past years, spent in vain!

Oh, would I, a maiden all care-free might stand
  Beside my first sweetheart again!
I vow I would love him till death did us part,
  I vow I'd be faithful and true.
O, Roderick, O, Roderick, wherever you are,
  I'd die for forgiveness from you!"

The wronged man bent o'er her and said "I forgive,"
  She gave him a look of surprise,
Then gasped and fell forward and spoke not again,
  And death closed forever her eyes.
So, e'en though the eagle can soar when it's day,
  And rise to a marvelous height,
Yet he, like the sparrow, the swallow, the wren,
  Must come to his nest at night.

NO CHANCE FOR ME.

One day while riding in a car
  Along a busy street,
An ill dressed man with haggard look
  Beside me took a seat.
He said "I beg your pardon, friend,
  If drunk I seem to be,
But all the world has turned me down.
  There is no chance for me."

And then upon his whole past life
This creature strange did dwell.
When he had finished I began
My grievances to tell.
I said "you're white, but I am black,
I am half slave—you free—
So you are wrong, you have a chance.
There is no chance for me."

In vain I've struggled all my life,
No sympathizing hand
Has patted me upon the back,
Defending any stand
Which I would take to be the man
Whom I would love to be.
You have the world at your command.
"There is no chance for me."

My color is against me, sir,
No matter where I go—
In search of help, or seeking work,
Some one will tell me "no."
While you may work the season through,
As busy as a bee,
In vain I often hunt a job.
There is no chance for me.

The car had reached the country then,
We smelled the balmy air.
We saw the fields of waving grain,
All ripe and standing there.
We saw the fruit go to decay
On vine and bush and tree,
With no one who would gather it,
And yet "no chance for me."

In silence then we sat a while,
The skies were clear and blue.
The birds sang sweetly in the trees,
The children they sang too.
And as they strolled through daisy fields
Young lovers laughed with glee.
My friend and I had but one thought—
"No chance for him nor me."

And as the trolley rumbled on
New objects came to view.
A blind man then got on the car,
And our attention drew.
He said, "I hear the birds' sweet notes,
But would that I could see."
My new-made friend and I rode on;
"No chance for him nor me."

A poor old lady then got on,
And we were moved to tears,
That she was deaf we both could tell
By trumpets in her ears.
She could not hear the birds' sweet notes,
Yet none more blithe than she.
My friend and I both looked at her.
Both said "no chance for me."

At last a man both deaf and dumb
Did we espy afar.
We knew his plight by signs he made
Ere he got on the car.
He did not murmur nor complain,
And happy too, seemed he.
My friend and I then both forgot
To cry "no chance for me."

An object lesson we had seen,
  Amid a world of strife,
Of cheerfulness by these folks shown,
  Though burdened down through life.
We looked at them and knew that all
  Were much worse off than we.
And vowed to never say again
  "There is no chance for me."

THE CASTLE OF REMEMBRANCE.

Ofttimes when I am sad and lonely
  And disappointments come my way,
And clouds of doubt hang low and threatening
  And turn to night my brightest day,
Then to my castle of remembrance
  Come scenes of happy days gone by,
When all the world seemed bright and sunny,
  And covered with an azure sky.

These are the things which still have lingered
  And through the years have followed me.
Those days were like a lake of silver,
  And mirrored in their depths I see
The scenes which soon dispel my sorrows
  And free my throbbing heart from pain,
For in the castle of remembrance
  I live my sweetest days again.

Once more I feel the joys of childhood
  As in the babbling brook I wade.
Or roam with Sue in search of flowers,
  Deep in the woodland's quiet shade.

I see the cottage near the orchard.
I see wistarias in bloom,
And there is sister at the window,
While mother moves about the room.

I see the corn crib, and the stable,
The pigeons too, upon the wing,
The cattle coming from the pasture,
The milk house built above the spring.
Once more the sun sinks in his splendor.
The hills fade into shadows deep.
Then mother tucks the covers round me,
And I am lost in blissful sleep.

YOUTH'S CHOICE.

A brave youth clad in stern array
Went forth and met his love one day.
Love smiled at him and sweetly said,
"'Tis time that you and I were wed."
"I beg," said Youth, and blushed with shame,
"That I may first converse with Fame."

They parted then and Love grew cold,
While Youth grew haggard, worn and old.
Fame saw him struggling on beneath
The arch of toil, and placed a wreath
Of laurel branches on his head.
He then sought love, but love was dead!

An' de snow was thickly fallin'.

IF YOU DON'T FAWGIT TO PRAY

It was drawin' nigh to Crismus,
An' de young uns all was glad,
An' was 'joicin' 'bout de tu'key
To be brought home by daih dad;
'Cause daih mammy had done tole 'em
"Now when it is Crismus day,
You is gwine to hab a tu'key
If you don't fawgit to pray."

But de crops had been a failure
An' de stores wouldn't trust,
An' it seemed wid out dat tu'key
Go dem young uns sholy must.
But dey jis kep' on a prayin'
An' 'couse 'Cindy jined in too;
An' it made me feel so bad, suh,
Dat I knowed not what to do.

It was 'gainst my 'ligious trainin'
Faw to steal a single t'ing;
(If de fac' dat I was honest
What I needed mos' would bring;)
Neitah did I want Lucindy
Dem po' young uns to deceive,
How on ea'th, dough, could I help it
Since it now was Crismus Eve?

But dey only prayed de harder,
An' it seemed to urge me on;
An' I swore I'd git dat tu'key
'Fore dat Crismus Eve was gone.

Now ole Co'nel Rufus Calhoun,
Dat was livin' down de road,
Jis had tu'keys by de hundred
An' de bigges' kin' dat growed.

So I got down on my knees suh,
An' I said "Lawd make it right,
So as I can git dat tu'key
Faw dem chillen on dis night!"
Aftah dat I felt much bettah;
I remembahd right away
How Lucindy said "You'll git him
If you don't fawgit to pray."

An' de snow was thickly fallin'
As I stole out in de night;
An' my footsteps dey was padded
By a blanket sof' an' white.
An' I somehow felt I'd git him
'Fo'e de risin' ob de sun,
An' I felt so good about it,
Dat I jis took out an' run.

When I wretched ole Co'nel's bahn-yard,
In de dimness I could see
Big, dark forms I knowed was tu'keys
Roostin' in a apple tree.
I jis clim' right up beside one,
An' I made a grab at him;
But I somehow los' my balance,
An' I tumbled from dat limb.

An' I must a 'sturbed dem tu'keys,
'Cause dey all flew up in fright;
Screamin' like a thousan' debbils,
On de stillness ob de night.

Den I saw a great big mastiff
Come a makin' straight faw me
An' I picked myself up act'ly
An' again I clim' dat tree.

Den a sudden thought come to me
An' I called out loud, you know
In a minute den ole Co'nel
Come a plowin' thoo de snow;
He had brought his big old muskit
An' ole Sam had come out too;
(Sam, you know had been his servant
Since way back in 'fifty-two.)

Den ole Co'nel took dat muskit
P'inted it up in de aiah,
An' said "Sambo, bring him hithah,
Fin' out what he's doin' daih."
But I saved ole Sam de trouble
I jis slid on down de tree,
'Cause de Co'nel kep dat muskit
Allus p'inted right at me.

I said "Boss I got confusded
When de snow blowed in my face;
An' I spose dat's how it happened
Dat I strayed into yo' place.
When I foun' I was mistaken
Yo' big dog got aftah me
An' I had no othah choice, suh,
But to climb dat apple tree."

"All right, Mose," den said de Co'nel,
"I suppose dat you can leave;
I won't be too hahd upon you,
Since it now is Crismus Eve;

An' I s'pose yo' young uns need him
So before you go away,
'Sambo bring him dat big tu'key
Dat you killed an' picked today."

Well suh, chillen, I jus, had to
Shout right out wid joy, you know,
I got on my knees, an' thanked him,
In de yahd, in all dat snow.
Sambo den had brought de tu'key,
So I shouldahd up my load,
An' my heart was truly thankful
As I went on down de road.

Cindy an' de young uns met me,
As I walked into de doo',
An' de all was jis dat happy,
Dat dey shouted, too, you know.
I had hu't my side an' shouldah,
When I tumbled out dat tree,
But de shoutin' ob dem young uns
Dat was medicine faw me.

Nex' day at de dinnah table
When I come to axe de grace,
I said "Lawd bless Co'nel Calhoun,
An' all dem what's on his place,
We is thankful faw dis tu'key
Which you's sent to us today,
An' we b'lieves you'll allus help us,
If we don't fawgit to pray."

THE ORPHANS' CHRISTMAS TREE

I ain't never had no father nor no mother,
For as Topsy said, "I growed up like a weed.
I ain't never had no sisters nor no brothers,
Nor a cat, nor dog, nor nothin' that I need,
Till one day when I was playin' in the gutter
Then two real nice ladies came along and spoke to me.
An' they said 'at if I'd come an' go 'long with 'em
'At they'd take me to the Orphans' Christmas tree.

An' they took me to a great big han'some building
Where they was jis lots of little girls and boys,
All a sittin' round some great, long white-topped tables,
An' you couldn't hardly hear your ears for all the noise.
An' the plates an' knives an' forks jis kep' on rattlin'
An' each lady seemed as busy as a bee,
An' they set me down among the other orphans
On the night they give the Orphans' Christmas tree.

An' we jis et, an et, an et, an kep' a eatin'
Till we couldn't hardly get up from our seats
'Cause the ladies kep' a comin' round to help us
An' a pilin' up our plates with dandy eats.

An' they give one little boy two great big helpin's
An' I guess they must have give me two or three.
Oh, an' say, that was the very bestest dinner
On the night they give the Orphans' Christmas tree.

We had turkey, mashed potatoes, corn an' yellow turnips,
And cranberries, too, an' pickles, an' green peas.
An' milk, an' celery, bread an' shore nough butter,
An' mince-meat pie, an' fruit, an' soup, an' cheese,
An' me an' t'other little boy jis kep' on eatin'
An' our eyes got so they couldn't hardly see.
When they pushed some funny doors up from between us,
An' the great big, monstrous Orphans' Christmas tree.

An' oh! it was the mostest pretty tree I ever looked at,
It had 'lectric lights an' little balls an' things,
An' then some stuff that sparkled jis like diamonds
Was hung all aroun' the tree in great, long strings.
An' there was toys for all us little children,
An' a Santa Claus that chuckled in his glee
As he started out to give away the presents
On the night they give the Orphans' Christmas tree.

Once Willie Jones's father took some ashes
An' put 'em in his stockin's in the night,
An' Willie he jis cried on Christmas mornin'
When he went to get 'em soon as it was light.
I'm mighty glad that I ain't got no father
To play a mean ole trick like that on me,
An' besides I wouldn't got this horse an' wagon
On the night they give the Orphans' Christmas tree.

THE OLD PEAR TREE.

That old tree, O, how I love it;
For through all the many years
It has been my close companion,
Both through sunshine and through tears.
Eighty summers have I witnessed,
Eighty winters, too, have gone,
Since I, as a babe, first rested
'Neath the pear tree on the lawn.

Then what pleasure it afforded,
And what friends for me it made,
As I romped with my young playmates
'Neath its once abundant shade.
Pictures now of those sweet moments
On my memory are drawn;
When I first met little Susan
'Neath the pear tree on the lawn.

It was there I wooed and won her
In the evenings long gone by;
As the moon shone through its branches,
From a cloudless summer sky.
And her cheeks were like the roses,
And her neck was like the swan,
On the day when we were married
'Neath the pear tree on the lawn.

Then how quickly sped the moments
Which were spent beneath that tree;
And it seems that it was planted
Just for my dear love and me.
And the birds would come to wake us
In the spring at early dawn;
Pouring forth their songs of gladness
From the pear tree on the lawn.

But alas! my joy was fleeting,
For my young bride passed above;
And I then was forced to linger
Here without her gentle love.
Now my steps are growing feeble,
And my arms have lost their brawn;
So I spend my time in musing
'Neath the pear tree on the lawn.

Sweeter than all other visions
Are these dreams which come to me
Of my love while I am sitting
'Neath that dear old twisted tree.
Though my hair has turned to silver
And my sight is nearly gone,
Still I see her 'neath the pear tree,
That old pear tree on the lawn.

THE OLD SAILOR'S STORY.

"Yes, I've been wrecked a dozen times,
  Upon as many seas,
And twice the fire drove me out—
  I'll tell of one of these—
A 'ship on fire' makes a sight
  That can't be soon forgot,
But any time it's left to me
  I'll choose a cooler spot.

'Twas in the good old sailboat days,
  Those happy days of yore,
When oft' it took to cross the deep
  Three jolly months or more.
And several days and often nights
  The men would sweat and toil
To load the good ship Mary Anne
  With merchandise, or oil.

The 'Mary' was a gallant ship,
  Built long, and rakish too.
And all the waves she couldn't climb
  She'd simply plough them through.
And swift—I've never seen the ship
  Could beat her in a race—
The Mary Anne had rather sink
  Than hold a second place.

Her skipper was a brave old salt—
'Cap. Malcolm' was his name—
Compared with 'Cap' when he was sore
A lion sounded tame.
And I have often seen him laugh
Or fairly shout with glee
While playing with his life,
Down on the Carribean Sea.

Our trade was most all 'coast-wise' then—
The 'deep sea' trade was slim,
And it was such a trip as this
At last that finished him.
'Twas in the Straits of Yucatan
And heading up the coast,
We aimed to reach our journey's end
In fifteen days at most.

A good, fresh breeze was blowing up
And every sail was set,
And oh! the picture that she made,
I plainly see her yet.
The 'Mary's' nose was pointed high,
And as she raced for home,
The canvas popped with pleasant sound,
And wide she tossed the foam.

We had a precious cargo then—
Ten thousand pounds in gold—
And some two thousand barrels of rum
Were stored down in her hold.
And 'Cap' was feeling fine that night,
He walked now 'fore,' now 'aft,'
His hands deep in his pockets thrust
As to himself he laughed.

The middle watch had just turned out
  So I was free to go,
But first I thought I'd look around
  Before I went below.
As it was in the month of June
  We had a perfect night,
The stars were twinkling far above
  In constellations bright.

I stood and watched them quite a while
  Then down the ladder went,
And in quick time was fast asleep,
  And lost in sweet content.
But I had not slept very long
  Before a wild bell's ring
Had made me tumble from my bunk
  And up the ladder spring.

Not while I live shall I forget
  The terrorizing sight
Which greeted me when I got up
  On that eventful night.
For as toward the fo'ard end
  I turned my startled gaze,
My heart I think refused to beat,
  The whole ship seemed ablaze!

As if some cruel, fiendish hand
  Had made a foolish turn,
And dropped a match down in the hold
  To see if rum would burn.
The canvas all was licked away,
  Naught stood except the spars,
And they were bathed in floods of flame
  That seemed to reach the stars!

The men were rushing round the deck,
  Confusion reigned supreme!
Till 'Cap' came up and took his post
  Amid the fire's gleam.
He gave his orders as he would
  On any other trip.
'Come on, you lubbers, man those boats,
  We'll have to leave the ship.'

And every man obeyed him, too—
  We didn't care to stay—
But ere we all got in the boats
  The heat drove them away.
And 'Cap' was cut off, as the blaze
  Went shooting to the sky.
He yelled 'go on,' then waved his hand,
  And tears dimmed every eye.

It seemed the winds then stronger blew,
  That holocaust to fan,
But how it broke our hearts to leave
  'Cap' and the 'Mary Anne.'
The hissing flames then higher climbed,
  And hotter grew, until
There came a blinding flash of light,
  A boom! then all was still.

For seven days we drifted there,
  Till well nigh craved with thirst,
We looked at any time to see
  The worst come to the worst.
Just then a steamboat picked us up
  And I went home and stayed
A year or two, then once again
  Back to the sea I strayed.

Just how it was I cannot tell,
  But on my first trip out,
We took a cruise which crossed the spot
  That I have told about.
I sat up rather late that night,
  But nothing strange occurred
Till I began to nod with sleep,
  And then a bell I heard.

And as the other lads and I
  Walked over to the rail,
I swear the Mary Anne hove up
  Amid a fiery trail!
And there stood 'Cap,' still at his post
  His face seemed strange and white,
And weird and ghost-like 'Mary' looked
  There in the fire's light!

The other lads saw her as well,
  So it was not a dream,
She raced us then, and beat us, too,
  Although we ran by steam.
And then, a fleeting sort of smile
  Crept over 'Cap's' stern face.
For as of old it gave him joy
  To win out in a race.

Although we shoveled in the coal,
  Away from us she drew,
Until she left us far behind
  And disappeared from view!
That was the last time that I sailed
  The Straits of Yucatan,
And that's the last I've seen or heard
  Of 'Cap' or Mary Anne."

DOING THEIR BIT.

Gee! we orphans sure are working hard this winter,
But somehow or other we don't seem to care,
'Cause you see we're makin' things to give the Red Cross
To help the wounded soldiers "over there."

Some folks seem to think that just 'cause we are orphans
That in life's big doin's we don't have a share.
I just wish that they could see us knittin' mufflers
To help the wounded soldiers "over there."

That's not all we try to do to help 'em, either,
For besides the little things that they can wear
We make bandages and funny things called doughnuts
To help the wounded soldiers "over there."

'Cause it ain't no fun when you are shot and crippled,
An' besides we wouldn't think that it was fair
If we didn't try to ease their pain an' mis'ry
An' help the wounded soldiers "over there."

An' we've got the nicest teacher in creation,
She is always gentle, kind an' on the square,
'Specially when we're makin' things to give the Red Cross
To help the wounded soldiers "over there."

But we're prayin' that the time will soon be comin'
When there'll be no cannon's roar nor bugle's blare,
When there'll be no need for all these things we're makin',
When there'll be no wounded soldiers "over there."

DE BENT PIN HOOK.

Mockin' bird am in de cane brake
Jis a singin' to his mate.
Mammy's at de staihs a callin'
Tellin' you it's gittin' late.
Sun am risin' cleah an' yellah;
Ain't no clouds naw nothin' roun'.
Mornin's fine an' bright an' peaceful.
Dew's a sparklin' on de groun'.

Breezes blowin' cross de medders,
Smellin nice an' sweet an' cool,
But you knows dot it's a gwine to
Be a scorchin' day in school.
So you goes an' eats yo' breakfas'
Hides yo' slate an' spelling book;
An' prepaih to go a fishin'
Wid a bent pin faw a hook.

Out de back way you goes slippin'
An' you cuts across de lot;
You is 'fraid yoiur mammy sees you,
So you stahts off on a trot.
But she don't come out to call you,
So you know you ain't been seen,
An' at las' you reach de pashter,
Whaih de gras an' trees is green.

Den you fin' a log dat's rotten
An' you digs down wid yo' han'
'Til you fin' some big, fat grub worms,
An' you puts 'em in a can.
Takes a string out ob yo' pocket
Den you goes down to de brook
An' you stahts right in to fishin'
Wid a bent pin faw a hook.

But de sun beats down upon you,
An' somehow de fish won't bite,
Dough you see about a dozen,
Bait mus' not be 'zactly right.
Den you falls asleep direc'ly
An' you has a funny dream,
Dat you's ketchin' all de bull-heads
What was evah in dat stream.

But you wakes up mighty sudden,
An' it's lucky dat you do,
'Cause your mammy has been huntin'
All aroun' de place faw you;
An' she says "so dat's de reason
Dat you hid yo' spellin' book!
An' dat pin out ob my ap'on
Dat was faw yo' fishin' hook!"

An' when mammy grabs a stick, suh,
Den you bettah staht to pray,
'Cause you know she's gwine to cut you
Evah step along de way.
No, dat wan't no laughin' mattah,
'Cause yo' mammy sho could run,
An' when she was 'hind you, sonny,
It was evah t'ing but fun.

You stahts down de road a kitin'
An' you don't staht none too soon;
Faw yo' mammy wid dat saplin'
On yo' britches plays a chune.
An' from dat time an faw evah
You don't show by word naw look
Dat you want's to go out fishin'
Wid a bent pin faw a hook.

WHEN THE SUPPAH AM A COOKIN'.

I'se been settin' hyeah all evenin'
Wid dis young un on my knee,
An' his childish pranks an' questions
Brings my young days back to me.
An' I see de little cabin
Whaih we lived in Dixielan'
'Hind the hills de sun is settin'
An' we waller in de san'.

Den I see my daddy comin'
Worn an' tiahd from de fiel'
An' I heah my mammy tell him
To git ready faw his meal.
Den de can'les staht to gleamin'
An' de banjo stahts to ring,
An' while suppah is a cookin'
I can hyeah my mammy sing.

Den how we would drap ouah play t'ings,
An' go stealin' in de house;
An' would all git in de conah,
Jis as quiet as a mouse.

An' we'd set up daih an' listen,
Wid ouah mouths all open wide,
Jis as if daih wa'n't no dangah
Dat a fly might drap inside.

I remembah how my mammy
Use' to sing in days gone by,
Till you had to tuhn yo' head, suh,
So's to kindah wipe yo' eye.
Yo fawgot dat you was hungry
An' you didn't want a t'ing
Dough de suppah was a cookin',
If you hyeahd my mammy sing.

She would staht off slow and easy,
Yo' was 'fraid yo' wouldn't heah,
An' you'd ben' way out an' listen
Wid yo' hand behin' yo' yeah.
Den dat song would swell out loudah,
Thoo de cabin it would ring,
Till it soahed way up an' quivahed
Like a lahk upon de wing.

Den she'd soht o' sway an' tuhn it,
Wid a mannah jis so fine,
Dat de little chills and fevahs
Would run up an' down yo' spine.
An' each word, an' line, an' stanzer
To yo' very soul would cling!
When de suppah was a cookin'
An' you hyeahd my mammy sing.

When she sung "De Suwanee River"
It jis seemed to tech yo' heaht,
An' to make it sof' an' tendah
When she got to dis hyeah paht:

"All de worl' am sad an
Dreary, ev'ry where I roam.
Oh, darkies, how my heaht grows weary,
Fah from de ole folks at home."

Nex' she sung 'bout "Phar'oh's Army,"
An' it made you mighty glad
Dat dem Isr'elites was rescued
From dat king so strong an' bad.
An' it seemed de bells ob heben
In daih joy begun to ring,
When dat suppah was a cookin'
An' you hyeahd my mammy sing.

Den 'twas "Weep no mo'e my lady,"
Dat she nex' sung, sweet and cleah,
An' it made you feel so rev'rent
When huh gentle voice you'd hyeah.
Mammy nevah used no song books,
'Cause she couldn't read a note;
But dat music rich and meller,
Faihly powed out from huh th'oat.

I has seen great sights an' wonders,
An' Ise traveled fah an' neah,
But dem days spent in dat kitchen
Is de ones I hol' mos' deah.
You can't fin' no greater pleasure
In de palace ob a king
Dan you can when suppah's cookin'
An' you hyeah my mammy sing.

THE BREAK OF DAWN.

Peace, Peace, O France, and cease thy heart's wild beating!
Neither be fearful of the serpent's sting,
Draws near the ending of his reign of terror,
Life up thy drooping head once more and sing!
Fear not, because of those who would enslave thee;
Let not thy slumber be filled with unrest,
Fear not the traitor skulking on thy borders,
Nor let his poison penetrate thy breast.

Patiently wait, the time is fast approaching
When thou shalt rise with healing in thy wings,
Comes now, a herald on his foaming charger,
Words of encouragement, to thee he brings,
For he proclaims the news that night is ended;
Though its dark shadows long o'er thee were cast,
Although the winds of bitter winter smote thee
That too is ended, spring has come at last.

O'er the horizon spreads the blush of morning,
Hear thou the bugles and the beat of drums!
See, in the sky "Old Glory" proudly flutters,
While, millions strong, a mighty army comes!

Heed not false threats, nor tyrants' propaganda.
Thy noble spirit, and thy dauntless will,
Out of the smould'ring ashes of past failures
Shall snatch fresh courage, thou shalt triumph still!

MY PAL.

I say, old chap, I'm mighty glad
That you're a pal of mine,
To have a good old chum like you
Is surely mighty fine.
It seems that you appreciate
The things I try to do
And say! it helps to have some one
Who always laughs with you.

A friend to whom you can confide
A secret now and then,
And know that he, your guarded thought,
Will not repeat again.
Who even tries to smooth the scrap
Between you and your "gal,"
Here, boy, I'm givin' you my mitt
I'm glad that you're my pal!

GOOD NIGHT, DEAR HEART.

Good night, dear heart,
And through the lonely hours,
I pray that thou may dwell
Amid the sweetest flowers.

Good night, dear heart,
And may thy moments be
In peaceful slumber spent,
And filled with dreams of me.

Good night, dear heart,
And may the morning light
Find thee refreshed and gay,
Thy saddened heart made bright.

Good night, dear heart,
Since thou to rest must go,
No other thought have I
Than this, "I love you so."

COMMENCEMENT.

Commencement is a day of dreams,
Of castles grand, of murm'ring streams,
Of cities fair, where roses grow,
Of summer clouds, where breezes blow,
And this, the wish I bring to you,
May all your noble dreams come true!

Rock-a-bye, Rock-a-bye.

MY LOUISIANA BABY

Daddy's comin' home tonight to see his sugar plum,
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye;
An' dis baby's gwine to wait to see de steamboat come,
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye;
Daddy said he's gwine to bring some sugar cane to you,
Know you'll be so tickled dat you won't know what to do
When dat steamer reaches home an' daddy's trip is through,
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye,
My Louisiana Baby.

Daddy never staid away from home so long before,
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye;
But we's gwine to keep him here perhaps a week or more,
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye;
Granny says he's her bad boy, an' she can make him stay,
Lock him in de dinin' room so he can't get away,

Den, o' course, when he's at home with baby
he will play,
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye,
My Louisiana Baby.

I suppose when you grow up you'll leave yo'
mammy, too,
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye;
Go on up de ribber wid yo' daddy den, won't
you?
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye;
Oh, well, mammy she won't min' when you
is big an' strong,
Just as long as you don't stay away from home
too long,
Mammy she would love to hear you sing de
boatman's song,
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye,
My Louisiana Baby.

There, I hear the boat acomin' up the ribber
now,
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye;
An' I hear the crowds acheerin' standin' in
her bow,
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye;
An' there's daddy, don't you see him comin'
up de street?
Hello, daddy! What is that you's brought
this chile to eat?
Sugar cane an' lasses, too, oh, Law, won't he
get sweet?
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye,
My Louisiana Baby.

WHY POP SNOWDEN FELL FROM GRACE.

It was put-nigh fohty yeahs now
  Dat "Pop Snowden's" life had been
What you'd call a soht ob guide-post,
  'Vidin' righteousness from sin.
An' his wife and seben chillen
  All had sheahed his common lot,
Till his wife took sick one ebenin'
  And nex' mornin' "she was not."

But de funeral skaise was ovah
  'Foe "Pop" fell along the way,
An' from all his past good habits
  He had wandahed fah astray.
Earthly t'ings his min' was claimin'
  He had laid his 'ligion down,
Least de gossips had it dat way
  What had spread de news aroun'.

Cou'se Pop, havin' all dese young 'uns,
  Got de notion in his head
For to git anothah mothah
  For dem since de fust was dead.
An' it come dat Mandy Bledsoe
  Was de 'oman ob his choice,
She was young, and smaht, an' puhty,
  Wid a captivatin' voice.

But dat gal did love to dance dough,
An' she said to Pop dat day,
When he axed her to be his'n,
"Well, I'se kindah feahed to say,
Pop, you'se oldah dan my fathah
And wid dem rheumatics too,
An' de keerin' faw yo' young 'uns,
Laws-a-me, what would I do?"

So to git in huh good graces,
Dough he didn't believe 'twas right,
Pop agreed to go to "Gilliams"
To a big, swell dance dat night.
Gilliams had a boy name "Sambo,"
An' he sholy wa'nt no Gawk,
'Ca'se dat boy could make a banjo
Do mos' ebry-ting but talk.

An' a piece of his composin'
He had promised dat he'd use,
'Jis espec'lly faw dat 'casion,
It was called de "Swamptown Blues."
An' de cabin it was crowded
Wi'd bofe saint an' sinnah too
As Pop,—leading Mandy Bledsoe
By de ahm,—come bustin' thoo.

Den Sam Gilliam 'chuned his banjo,
An' he let de music go
'Till it ovah-flowed de cabin
An' was runnin' out de doo.'
Yes, dat scandilizin' music
F'um dat inst'ument did roll
Till it took possession ob you
Bofe yo' body an' yo' soul.

An' de young folks stahted dancin',
  Faw you couldn't keep your seat,
'Less you had a bag of brick-bats
  Faw to tie aroun' yo' feet.
Even Pop, he squirmed an' wiggled,
  An' his lips refused to pray,
As he saw brazen youngstah
  Lead his lady love away.

Den "Ole Pop" took off his glasses,
  An' he laid 'em on de shelf,
Den he yelled "Look out you sinnahs,
  Each one hustle faw his-self."
Made a bee-line faw Miss Mandy,
  An' he grabbed huh 'round de wais'e,
An' he almost knocked huh ovah,
  He was jis in dat much has'e.

"Go on Pop!" de young 'uns shouted,
  An' Pop yielded to daih cries,
Took Miss Mandy and he swung huh
  'Till de teahs stood in huh eyes.
Still dey wheeled, an' tuhned an' twisted.
  'Till dey tied up in a knot,
An' 'twould took a team o' mules, suh,
  Faw to pull 'em bofe apaht.

Man, Pop laid aside his 'ligion
  Like you would a heavy load,
When yoah back is gittin' weary
  An' yo' feet clings to de road.
An' as his eyes met wid Mandy's
  He fawgot de chuch's laws
While dat banjo weeped an' moaned, suh,
  Like 'twas pleadin' ob his cause.

Sam jis put mo'e runs and twistes'
In dem aggravatin' "Blues"
'Till ole Pop had danced de bottoms
Clean f'um off ob bofe his shoes.
Still he kep' a swingin' Mandy
An' he backed huh roun' de floo'
'Till she wilted in his ahms, suh,
An' jis couldn't dance no mo'e.

Den Pop went an' got his glasses,
Triumph gleamin' from his eyes,
An' sweat streamin' down his fo'ehead,
As he led away his prize.
"What a shame," de gossips whispered,
"She has got him in huh clutch,
Neithah him, now, naw his chillun,
Will you evah see in chuch."

But de gossips was mistaken
Faw when Sunday came, it's true,
Daih was Pop, his bride an' young 'uns,
Sittin' in de mournah's pew.
'Stid ob strayin' off an' sinnin',
Aftah he was growin' ole,
Pop had only went an' added
One mo'e new sheep to de fol'.

ROASTED SHOAT.

No son, thankee, I'se had plenty,
Dis'll do what's on my plate;
I ain't had no love for shoat meat
Since way back in "fifty eight."

An' I'll tell you how it happened—
It was on one Chris'mas Eve,
I was kindah young an' devilish
An' was foolish too I 'lieve.

Mas' had gone to spen' de Chris'mas,—
Went to Richmon' on de boat;
So a bunch ob us decided
Faw to go an' steal a shoat.
Him dat done de axul stealin'
Bravah dan de res' must' be;
An' as usu'l on sich 'casions
Co'se de honah come to me.

So dat night as dusk was settin'
I jis buttoned up my coat,
Go my hick'ry club and stahted
To de pen to git dis shoat.
Met de boys down at de paster,
Tol' 'em I would not be long
An' to hab de fiah ready,
Den I hummed a little song.

An' I saw dat shoat all roasted
Like dey cooks a shoat down Souf,—
Basted like, wid salt an' peppah
An' a apple in his mouf;—
Skin, you know was thin an' tendah,
Kinder craunched between your teef,—
Wan't no meat on earth could beat it
Clean from possum down to beef.

An' it seems dat luck was wid me,
Faw when I got to de yahd
Daih stood one all by his lonesome,
An' he was as fat as lahd.

So I jis snuck up behin' him,
An' I raised my club up so,
An' I aimed to let him hab it
Right between de years, you know.

But my han' was kin' ob shaky
An' I only hit his snoot,
An' he squealed so loud his mothah
Right out from huh pen did scoot.
She was snortin', too, wid fury,
An' was headed straight my way;
I ain't nevah seed a hog so mad, suh,
So I moved widout delay.

'Cause dat wan't no time faw foolin'
Naw to hol' no argiment,
So wid all my speed an' powah
Straight towahds de fence I went.
But I couldn't see so good dough,
An' fo'e I had time to stop
I had stubbed my toe an' tumbled
Headlong in a trough ob slop!

Filled my mouf wid tater peelin's,
Got by clothes all soaked to boot,
I looked wussah dan de hogs, suh,
What in dat same trough would root.
But I soon got on my feet dough,
I was 'termined as could be,
Not to let dat pleggone hog, suh,
Stick huh turshes into me.

Made a bee-line faw de cabin
An' supprised de fambly so,
Dey was nigh driv' into spasms
As I busted in de doo'.

Den day axed so many questions
  Dat I lef' daih in disgrace,
An' it must ha' been two weeks, suh,
  'Fo'e I daihed to show my face.

Why I missed de celebratin'
  Dat whole Chris'mas season thoo'!
All de gals was laughin' 'bout me,
  An' de boys? Why dey laughed too!
So you needn't try to make me
  Eat anothah piece ob shoat,
'Cause de mem'ry ob dat 'casion
  Makes it stick right in my th'oat.

THE COUNTRY CIRCUS.

It was at the country circus,
And the crowd was at its best,
  For the air was pleasant, and the day was bright;
And the crowd was eating peanuts,
And the band was playing loud,
  And each one was spending money with delight.

Now they gather round a side show
Where the dazzling banners gleam,
  And the spieler rattles off his magic speech;
Then he takes some big red tickets
And he passes them around.
  Giving one to every person in his reach.

"Now," says he, "it costs a quarter,
But this ticket and a dime
  Will admit you to the great museum there,
Where you'll see the 'wall eyed monkey,'
Also 'Zip,' the missing link,
  And 'Czarina,' that large Russian waltzing
    bear."

"And the great 'Parisian beauties,'
Which, without a bit of doubt,
  It is worth a half a dollar once to see;
Then you'll see the great 'What is it?'
One strange animal indeed,
  For his head is growing where his tail should
    be."

"Now step up and get your tickets,
Please don't block the passage way,
  Tickets here for you, and you, and you, and
    you?
Yes, sir, that's the right change, thank you.
Oh, here comes another one!
  Yes, it's something strange, and something
    grand, and new."

Though each person did look sheepish,
As they came out from the tent,
  Still they vowed 'twas worth the price alone
    to see:
"That 'er wonderful 'what is it?'
That was all turned round about,
  For his head was really where his tail should
    be."

Then the spieler cried "well people,
All the tickets red, are gone,
But I said they couldn't last before you came,
So you'll have to pay a quarter
Now to see this great big show,
Still I know you'll find it's worth it just the same."

Then the crowd grew wild for tickets,
And they swarmed around his box,
And the seller passed them out with all his might;
Still the crowd kept yelling "tickets!"
"Tickets! one more ticket, please!"
And he sweated there from morn' till late at night.

Then said I, "there must be something
That is drawing them in there.
Every one has been in now it seems but me.
Although I don't care about it
Just the same I'd like to know
What it is such a crowd goes in to see."

Then I took my last, lone quarter;
For a ticket plunked it down,
And I walked around the tent with beating heart;
Till I found the great "what is it?"
That I'd heard so much about.
"Twas a donkey hitched up backwards to a cart!"

FIN' YO' PLACE

Dis ole worl' is full ob misfits
  Dat is allus goin' roun'
Findin' fault, aw else complainin'
  Dat conditions keeps 'em down;
An' dey says dey's been good footmen,
  But dey's run a losin' race;
While de fac' about de mattah
  Is dey's nevah foun' daih place.

Dey has seen some othah pusson
  Dat was waxin' big an' fat,
Cause he picked his nachal callin',
  An' dey goes an' jumps in dat.
An' jis as might be expected,
  Cou'se, dey falls down flat wid it;
But dey stays daih losin' money,
  Jis because dey's 'shamed to quit.

Some will try to be puffessahs,
  An' dey totes aroun' a book,
While dey b'longs in some one's kitchen
  As a scullion to de cook.
Den you'll see anothah strugglin'
  In some job dat's mean an' bad,
What would make de greatest teachah
  Dat de worl' has evah had.

Den daih's some what tinks dey's singahs
  Dat ain't got a bit mo'e voice
Dan a ordinary chicken,
  An' dey ain't got much mo'e choice.
Dey could peddle fish and oysters,
  An' perhaps could call out trains;
I don't know about dat, eithah,
  'Cause at least dat takes some brains.

Some, whose signs says dey is doctahs,
  Goes to call upon de sick;
But dey's less apt to recovah
  Dan dey is to die right quick.
An' dey's some what claims dey's lawyahs,
  But dey makes a big disgrace
Ob demselves an' all daih clients
  When dey goes to plead a case.

An' we's got some would-be poets,
  But daih vusses is so po'
Dat de only ting dey's fit faw
  Is to th'ow out in de snow.
Aldough dey can write a jingle,
  Aw some little childish rhyme,
When it comes to writin' poems
  Dey is only wastin' time.

Den you'll see some great big giant,
  Health is good an' muscles strong,
Sittin' at some one's pianner,
  Try'n' to sing some rag-time song;
He belongs out on some steamboat,
  Wo'kin way down in de hol'
Eithah totin' up de ashes,
  Aw else passin' down de coal.

Den you see dese one-hoss eldahs
  Dat can neither preach naw sing;
All dey's good at is at shoutin'
  Aw to cut de pigeon wing.
Stid ob standin' in de pulpit,
  Try'n' to preach de word ob Chris',
Dey belongs down in Ca'lina,
  Wo'kin' in de fiel's ob rice.

Now, I don't believe de Mastah
  Has a wo'k he'd call us to,
Lessen he would fust prepaih us
  Dat some kin' ob work to do.
An' dey'll be less discontentment,
  An' not half so much disgrace,
When each feller make an effort
  Faw to fin' an' keep his place.

SAY A WORD FAW FATHAH

Faw goodness' sake, won't you all stop dat racket?
  I tink it's time to let dat subjec' drop;
I tell you, when you wimmen gits to talkin'
  It seems as if you's nevah gwine to stop.
Besides, it ain't a t'ing but fogyism,
  Who said "man only wo'ked from sun to sun"?
Why, you all keeps so busy wid yo' gabbin'
  Is why dat you all's wo'k is nevah done.

An' den you jis said ev'ry man was wicked,
Wid all de young uns listenin' daih to you,
An' dey has got sich confidence in "mammy"
Dat dey bleeves ev'ry word she says is true;
O' co'se, some times you'll run across a fellah
Dat will do lots o' wicked little t'ings;
But in my life I'se seen a heap o' wimmen
Dat wa'n't a flyin roun' on angel's wings.

'Co'se, I ain't got no fault to fin' wid wimmen—
I deahly loves to praise 'em, goodness knows;
But when dey keeps a pickin' on de men folks,
Why, den dey's kindah trampin' on my toes.
An' den dem songs dey sing about de mothahs!
'Twould seem to me dese poets ought to know
A little praise is sholy due de fathahs,
De way dey go thoo heat, an' rain, an' snow.

So nex' time all you wimmen gits togethah
Don't say de t'ings you don't know nothin' 'bout,
But try an' membah fathah, who is workin'
So him dat owns de house won't tuhn you out;
An' greet him wid a smile instid o' frownin'
When faw de night he's comin' home to stay,
An' res' ashowed de choice o' words you uses
Will eithah help to straight or crook de way.

A hoss will sholy do some mighty pullin'
If you will gib him sugah now an' den;
Well, if a little sweetnin's good faw hosses,
It stan's to reason dat 'twould be faw men.

'Co'se, I don't mean to praise de lazy fellah,
What nevah had a min' faw doin' right,
But him dat's strainin's ev'ry nerve an' sinew
An' jis a toilin' on wid all his might.

So smile an' kindah pat him on de shouldah
When he is weary an' his back is bent,
An' let him know you 'preciates his effo'ts
To buy de coal an' food, an' pay de rent.
An' den you'll fin' de men folks gittin' bettah.
An' home will be a heap mo'e cheerful when
He knows he's got a lovin' wife to greet him
So say a word faw fathah now an' den.

CHRIST AND THE WOMAN

'Twas an angry howling rabble
Which had blocked the narrow street
When they saw the Savior coming,
And some surged around his feet,
While a guilty, frightened woman
Was by others pushed along,
Until they had forced a passage
Through the ever-growing throng.

"Oh, Good Master, let us stone her!"
Her tormentors loudly cried;
But the Savior, looking downward,
With the dust seemed occupied.
Then he saw the crying woman—
In her weakness all alone—
And demanded that the guiltless
Be the first to cast a stone.

There was silence then among them,
By that crowd no stones were cast;
Each accuser's guilty conscience
Made its owner stand aghast.
Thus the Savior had rebuked them,
Who had cried for blood before;
Turning then, He told the woman:
"Go in peace, and sin no more."

WHEN THE GAME IS OVER, JIM

Once there was a baseball player
On the pinnacle of fame;
But he gave up his profession
To defend his country's name.
And he left a charming sweetheart,
For he had not time to wed;
So he told her to be faithful,
And to him she softly said:

Chorus:

Well, Jim, when the game is over
And the team we love has scored,
When has ceased the cannon's roaring
And real peace has been restored,
Do not grieve about your sweetheart,
Or wonder if I am true,
For I swear by dear "Old Glory"
I will wait right here for you.

Long in strange and hostile countries
Were the brave lads forced to roam,
But at last they won the vict'ry,
And they brought the bacon home;
And a crowd was there to meet them,
And they gave cheer after cheer,
Then beside him stepped Jim's sweetheart,
And she whispered in his ear:

THE FIFTEENTH REGIMENT

Make has'e, boy, you triflin' scoun'el,
Put dem strings an' tops away;
What you spec' I want to stan' hyeah
Watchin' you faw all de day?
Now I bet I'll wahm yo' jacket
If you make me miss dis treat,
Seein' dat ah Fifteenth Reg'ment
Comes a marchin' down de street.

Shouldahs back, an' faces forwahd,
Steppin' wid de music, too;
As you watch dem cullahd soljahs
It jis thrills you thoo an' thoo.
Gals come dressed up in daih finest,
Lookin' fit enough to eat,
When dat fightin' Fifteenth Reg'ment
Comes a marchin' down de street.

Hush, chile, listen! Ain't dey comin?
Yes, dat is dem comin' now!
I can hyeah de crowds hurrahin',
I can see de soljahs bow.
Son, don't think yo' granny's crazy,
But dat music 'fects my feet,
When dat fightin' Fifteenth Reg'ment
Comes a marchin' down de street.

Lawzee, honey, hyeah dat music!
Ain't dem chillen playin' some?
Den jis look daih in de middle,
See dat one daih wid de drum;

His whole body's in dat playin',
From his head down to his feet,
When dat fightin' Fifteenth Reg'ment
Comes a marchin' down de street.

I declaih, if I wa'n't cripple
I would ma'ch clean thoo dis town,
If I wa'n't afraid dese subways
An' dese "L's" would run me down.
I could foller dem faw-evah—
Dat ah playin' is so sweet,
When dat fightin' Fifteenth Reg'ment
Comes a marchin' down de street.

Broadway loves huh cullahd soljahs,
Least-a-wise, it looks dat way,
Seein' how dat she's acheerin'
An' atreatin' dem today.
Rich folks sendin' invitations,
Axin' dem to come an' eat,
When dat fightin' Fifteenth Reg'ment
Comes a marchin' down de street.

Well, I'se mighty glad I'se able
Faw to do "my bit" today,
Dough it mos' nigh broke my heaht, suh,
When dem youngstahs ma'ched away.
Glory Hallelujah, Honey!
Daih is William, John an' Pete,
Right out wid dat Fifteenth Reg'ment
Jist a marchin' down de street.

Ain't dey happy, too, jis see 'em;
Boys, yo' mothah's watchin' you!
An' I know de Lawd in Glory
Has his eyes upon you, too.

An' dat repperbate, "de Kaisah,"
Mout as well expect defeat,
When you reaches "ovah yondah"
An' goes marchin' down de street.

THE CALL OF THE WOODLAND

The August day draws to its swelt'ring close,
I seek for rest, alas! but find it not;
Rings in my ears a once-instinctive call,
Which makes me long to leave this dusty spot,
And roam the virgin forests once again,
Far from the disappointing scenes of life,
Far from the city's smoke and toil and din,
Far from its ceaseless care and endless strife.

Where woodland giants, long uprooted, lie,
With moss and earth still clinging to their roots,
Where in this magic garden mounting high
A fern or shrub from every hollow shoots;
Where feathered songsters, free from care, abound,
And flowers rare and beautiful are seen,
Where at each turn some fresh surprise is found,
While over all is spread a verdant green.

Down paths in which some ancient antlered king
Had roamed before his herd in days of yore,
While at his call the rocks and trees did ring,
As proudly, boldly, he led on before;

Where red men, too, have halted in their grief
To pile them up a little mossy mound,
To mark the spot where some old warrior chief
Doth rest within his happy hunting ground.

Where in some cave shaped out by nature's hands
I'll hear the noisy brook go babbling by,
Or, plunging deep into the forest's shade,
Will catch but glimpses of the azure sky;
Then on a bed prepared from pine tree's boughs
I long at length my weary form to lay,
Where I can hear the whippoor-will at eve'
And view the closing of a perfect day.

MY AMBITION

I dare not hope to conquer fame,
Nor ever see the time
When in this body I shall dwell
Upon the heights sublime.
But I would love to make men glad,
And be content the while

To cast mine with the common lot,
Could I but make them smile.
Then would I love to steal away,
To greet the coming dawn,
And leave the whole world smiling still
Long after I had gone.

THE QUESTION.

The day had disappointment brought,
And I was sore distressed;
A sob of pain burst from my lips,
As I lay down to rest.
But Morpheus came softly down,
And lulled me off to sleep;
And then I dreamed that thou didst come
And bid me not to weep.

And thou wast robed in spotless white,
A smile was on thy face;
And then a kiss upon my brow
I dreamed that thou didst place.
Led by thy love I then arose,
Nor minded man's dark frown;
But climbed the dizzy, rugged heights,
And from them snatched the crown!

Oh, could that wondrous dream come true,
To thee would I hold fast;
And love thee dear with all my heart,
As long as life should last.
But thou art many miles away,
And in another land;
And vales, and mountains, I must cross
If I would seek thy hand.

But "faint heart lady fair ne'er won,"
Nor victor's steed did ride;
And so I ask thee, love of mine,
If thou wilt be my bride?
What e'er to thee will joy impart
That shall I gladly do.
Now speak my love and answer me—
Pray will my dreams come true?

An you know I seen dem punkins.

THANKSGIVIN' DAY

Well, ole 'oman, Ise been thinkin'
Nea'ly all dis whole week froo
Dat it's gittin' mighty lonesome,
No one hyeah but me an' you.
Since de young ones all got ma'ied,
An' ouah heads is tuhnin' gray
T'ings won't seem jus' like dey use to
When it comes Thanksgivin' Day.

Ain't no use to kill a tu'key,
When it's only faw us two;
We's got lots ob ham an' bacon,
Mout as well to let dat do—
Faw 'twill bring sad recollections
Ob dem times dat once was gay,
If you cook a ole-time dinnah
On dis nex' Thanksgivin' Day.

Hyeah's bofe Anne an' William Henry
Done an' writ dat dey can't come;
Social 'gagements keeps 'em busy,
Well I guess dat's goin' some!
Now when I was young an' heahty,
Like ouah young ones is today,
Wa'n't a thing 'cept death its-self, suh,
Made me miss Thanksgivin' Day.

'Cause I knowed dem juicy 'simmons
Was a-rip'nin' on de tree,
An' I also knowed my mammy
Was a-waitin' daih fo' me.
Hence dey wa'n't no social 'gagement
Big enough to make me stay
From my mammy an' dat table
Week befo' Thanksgivin' Day.

An' you know I seen dem punkins
'Fo de fros' had nipped de vines,
An' dey den was big an' heavy
An' was meller to de rines.
I seen daddy when he pulled 'em
Also hid 'em in de hay,
Put 'em daih jis so my mammy
Could make pies Thanksgivin' Day.

An' I seen dat tu'key gobbler
Roostin' 'way up in de trees,
Jis so big an' fat an' sassy,
He don't min' de chillin' breeze.
An' I's fed him lots o' co'n an' stuff,
So roun' de yahd he'll play,
'Cause I know we sho' will need him
When it comes Thanksgivin' Day.

Dough de season has been rainy,
An' we's had a lot o' fog,
It has ripened dem cranberries,
Dat am growin' in de bog.
So I goes an' picks a bushel,
An' I sets 'em all away,
To accompany dat ah tu'key
On his trip Thanksgivin' Day.

Well, at las' de day approaches,
An' upon de night befo'
We takes lots o' fruit an' punkins
To de church to help de po'.
An' we also brings dat tu'key
From dat apple tree to stay,
An' my mammy cleans an' stuffs him,
Gits him ready fo' nex' day.

Den upon nex' mo'nin, ea'ly,
Mammy gits us all awake,
Aftah breakfus' she stahts dinnah,
An' she sholy takes de cake;
Faw she has dat dinnah cookin'
'Fo' she sends us all to pray
In de chu'ch an' hyeah de sermon
'Bout de fust Thanksgivin' Day.

Well, as soon as it was ovah
Straight back home we all would go;
We could smell dem victuals cookin'
Soon as we had hit de do';
An' we all would set de table
Wif'out any mo' delay,
An' we sho' was glad dem Pilgrims
T'ought about Thanksgivin' Day.

Den my mammy brought de tu'key,
Wid de gravy oozin' out,
An' de well-browned sweet potatoes
Was a-rollin' all about.
Daih was also soup an' celery
Punkin pie an' co'n souffle,
Lima beans dat swum in buttah,
Ham an' cabbage, too, dat day.

Den I felt a soht o' ticklin'
Twixt my sho't ribs an' my spine.
(Which am nature's way ob sayin'
Dat yo' appetite am fine;)
An' it seemed dat sin, an' sorrer,
From dis ea'th had gone to stay,
When at las' de grace was ended
An' it was Thanksgivin' Day.

RAINY WEATHAH

What's dat, Cindy, ten to leben?
  Laws, an' how dis rain do po';
Guess by noon, if it keeps comin',
  Why you can't git out de doo'—
Ditch is put nigh full ob watah—
  Road is full of slush an slop—
House is damp, an' walls is sticky;
  My! I wish dis rain ud stop!

Chillen standin' roun' acryin',
  Beggin' me faw food to eat,
But I'll sho git rheumatism
  If I goes an' wets my feet.
Spec' I mout as well git up, dough,
  But I know dat butchah shop
Nevah will see me come in it,
  Lessen dis hyeah rain'll stop.

What's dat now, "de wood box empty"?
  Go way, chile, an' hush yo' mouf,
I ain't nevah seen sich trouble
  Since I'se been hyeah in de Souf.
Chuesday gone I had dat wood heap
  Stacked nigh up to dat ah prop;
Now dat's gone, an' it jis Friday?
  I sho wish dis rain ud stop!

Oh, is dat de butchah's wagon,
  Down de turnin' ob de road?
What's dem hosses doin', steamin'?
  Dey ain't got no heavy load!
Ain't dat wagon fixed up swell, dough,
  Glass in front an' ilecloth top?
Hey daih, mistah! Didn't hyeah me!
  How I wish dis rain ud stop!

What's dat, watah now faw cookin'?
  You's a thoughtless one faw true;
I should t'ink dat dat rain-watah
  In de ba'el outside ud do!
Time I goes clean down to Jackson's
  I'll be soaked jis like a mop;
Wantin' watah an' it rainin';
  Now you know I wish 'twould stop!

Lawsee, woman, now what is it?
  "Biddies flooded out de coop"?
Spec' I'll hab to go an' put 'em
  In dat box upon de stoop.
Wish dat dey was little biggah,
  All daih necks I'd let you chop,
An' jis cook 'em up faw breakfas',
  If dis rain ud only stop.

Ain't no comfort in dis hyeah house,
  'Cept you waihs a "watah-proof";
Seems to me dat all de shingles
  Mus' be worshin' off de roof.
Bet ole Co'nel Thompson's hot, dough,
  'Bout his great big cotton crop,
'Cause it sholy will be ruint
  If dis rain don't soon to stop.

Come hyeah, Cindy, move dis bed hyeah;
Don't you see it's gittin' wet!
Tol' you 'bout it 'way dis mo'nin',
An' hyeah you ain't did it yet!
Evah time dat I tuhns ovah
I can feel de watah drop;
Now go 'way, an' lemme sleep some;
Laws, I wish dis rain ud stop!

THE KEEPER OF THE LIGHT

In a lighthouse, tall and lonely,
On Superior's storm-swept edge,
Lived a man, his wife and daughter,
There upon a rocky ledge.
And he kept the light a burning,
Winter, Summer, Spring and Fall;
Never vessel sought assistance
But he answered to the call.

And the lives of many seamen,
Wrecked upon that rock-bound coast,
Oft' were saved, because the keeper
Ever stood beside his post.
Thus one cold November morning,
Ere the day had scarce begun,
Great, dark clouds, like spectres moving,
Hid from view the rising run.

And the wind, increasing ever,
Churned the waters into foam,
And it piled them, boiling, seething,
At the base of that lone home.

Then the keeper told of tempests
Which had been in days of old,
And his wife and daughter listened,
'Though their very blood ran cold.

Hark! a sound out on the ocean
Rises high above the gale,
Now it louder grows and clearer!
Now dies off to but a wail.
Wide the door the keeper opens,
And the spray around him flies,
But he stands transfixed with horror
At the sight before his eyes!

There he sees a storm-tossed vessel,
Driven from her course astray,
All her sails are torn to pieces,
All her boats are washed away!
Angry seas are dashing o'er her,
And 'tis plain she cannot last;
Neither can the keeper's life-boat
Ever weather such a blast!

But the siren still is blowing,
Blowing, pleading, calling "come!"
To the rigging forms are clinging,
From exposure almost numb.
Though he feels the task is hopeless,
And his heart fills with despair,
Still, he knows that he as keeper
Must not let them perish there.

He obeys the call of duty,
And he starts upon his way;
But the wild waves pitch and toss him,
And they drench him through with spray!

Wife and daughter, standing helpless,
Hardly dare to draw a breath
As they watch the noble keeper
In his battle there with death!

He is drawing near the vessel,
When a cruel, hungry wave
Like a demon leaps upon him,
And himself he cannot save!
All the days since early childhood
Come to him now, fast and clear,
And he sees sights long forgotten
As the end is drawing near.

He remembers how his mother,
As her eyes were growing dim,
Asked the loved ones gathered round her
Just to softly sing the hymn:
"Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll,
Where in all the bright forever
Sorrows ne'er shall press the soul?"

And he saw her sweetly smiling
As she crossed the narrow sea;
"Ah, that song was good for mother;
It will surely do for me.
Yes, dear mother, I will meet you
In that happy land above,
Where no sorrow ever cometh,
There where all is joy and love."

Then he breathed a prayer to heaven
For his weeping wife and child;
And he knew that he was sinking
In those waters deep and wild!

But the thought of seeing mother
Seemed to ease his weary soul,
As he passed beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll.

YESTERDAY.

How fast the years have fled since you first came;
An angel in the form of man you seemed to be;
And how your presence lightened up my darkened life
Then as you spoke those magic words to me.
But yesterday, it seems, you called again
With outstretched arms, and clasped me to your own strong heart,
And on my finger placed this ring which glitters so
And vowed that Death, us twain, should never part.

Then on my lips you placed a fervid kiss,
No longer did the world seem dark or cold to me.
My love for you was kindled like a flaming torch,
Than I was then, no queen more gay could be;
But ere that kiss had faded from my lips,
Another, from my trembling side, stole you away;

'Twas thus you left me standing there in grief alone,
My heart still bleeds though that were yesterday.

MY DREAM GIRL.

Oh, there's something seems to tell me you're my dream girl
Whom I've sought with ever-changing hopes and fears,
That at last I've found, and know that you're the one pearl
Which will hold its luster, through the changing years.

Oft, when nights were long and still, and stars were gleaming,
Has there come a soul, in harmony with mine;
'Twas a soul whose eyes with love and truth were beaming,
Yes, a dainty soul, wrapt in form divine.

Through the night, she, near my couch would tarry
Like the purple, blushing clouds at early dawn;
How my heart did yearn its message then to carry,
But before the sun had risen, she had gone.

Then my heart did wildly flutter at its heart strings,
And did strive to follow where my ideal led,
But its strivings, and its pain were only vain things,
For I knew not where my little dream girl fled.

But at last, my heart of hearts, it seems I've found you,
For I know your looks, your smile, your form divine,
And within my arms I long to really hold you,
And forever more to love and call you mine.

THE GIRL ON THE BOARDWALK.

Can it be that I am dreaming
As my morning walk I take?
No! I pinch myself and answer
I am clearly wide awake.

So I know that you're no dream girl
Born of fairy's wand at night,
From your palace come to charm me
In the pearly Autumn light.

Still you cast a spell about me,
Fairest maiden ever born,
As you flitter hither, thither,
Like one borne on wings of morn.

And I wonder where you came from,
  Wonder too, where you will go
When you leave Atlantic City
  As the sad winds start to blow.

And I long to clasp you, hold you,
  Yes, forever and a day!
But no look of recognition
  From your eyes has come my way.

Then I know you are a dream girl,
  Born of magic wand by night;
And I see you fading, fading;
  You have vanished from my sight.

THE FICKLE LOVER.

So you say you's angry wid me,
  An' you's leavin' town tonight,
Gwine away to stay fo'evah,
  Now Sam I don't t'ink dat's right!

My you sho is cruel heahted,
  Dat's de way you done befo'e,
Got mad 'cause I spoke to Jaspah,
  'Staid away a month aw mo'e.

An' now dat is skaisely ovah
  'Fo'e you's actin' up again.
Well dat's what I allus 'spected;
  You can't put no faith in men.

Dat's all right dough I'll git even
And I'se gwine to let you see
Dat you'll hab to git up early
Faw to git ahead ob me.

I done foun' out all about you,
You ain't keepin' nothin' hid;
I heard you was gwine to mahy
Cindy Johnson! 'deed I did!

Well now since you seems so anxious,
She huh self done tole me so,
An' she had de ring you gib huh
Jis about a month ago.

An' I 'spose you's mad at huh now,
Aw else she has tuhned you down,
If it wa'nt faw dat I bet you
Dat you wouldn't be around.

Oh! you done it jis to try me,
Jis to see what I would do!
Wondahd if I was a flirtin'
Aw if I was really true!

An' you nevah did love Cindy!
An' you drapped de ring one day
When you went up daih to visit
An' to pass de time away!

Look hyeah darkie, you 'a lyin',
You ain't done no sich a t'ing;
You's engaged to 'Cindy Johnson,
An' faw huh you bought dat ring!

But we foun' you out togethah,
She ain't gone an houah since;
Tole me faw to gib dis to you
An' wid all huh complimints.

Hyeah's yo' ring an' you can hab it,
You jis take it now and go,
An' you scoun'el don't you neavah
Daih to come back hyeah no mo'e!

THE PRODIGAL SON.

"Yes, father, I'm about to go.
The place has lost its charm.
The world has more in store for me
Than dying on a farm."
Thus spoke a lad, long years ago,
As he prapered to leave
The only home he ever knew,
And thus his parents grieve.

His mother begged him not to go,
His father pleaded too.
But he replied, "my mind's made up
And that I'm bound to do;
And so my portion give me now
Which falleth unto me,
And ere the moon be full again,
From thee, I, far shall be."

The father said, "alas my son,
Why break your mother's heart!"
But still his share the son received
And with it did depart.

In foreign lands he traveled far,
And many sights saw he.
He saw the wonders of the land,
The myst'ries of the sea.

And on fair women, wine, and song,
His money he did spend.
Nor ever slackened he his pace
Until his wealth did end.
He pawned his rings, his golden chain
He pawned his raiment fine,
Then, as a last resort, was forced
To live by herding swine.

His clothes grew filthy, tattered, torn,
With hunger he did ache.
He said, "I was indeed a fool
A course like this to take,
While here I languish, and would fain
The husks with swine to share,
My father's servants there at home
Have plenty and to spare.

I will arise, and go to him
And his forgiveness seek."
He went, and as he neared his home
His look was sad and meek.
He said, "I am unworthy now
To be a son to thee,
But if my folly thou'lt forgive,
Thy servant I will be."

The father hasted then, and ran,
And hugged and kissed his boy,
And ordered killed the fatted calf
And held a feast of joy.
He bade his friends come to that feast,
He spread the news around,
"He who was dead has come to life,
He who was lost, is found."

EVA.

Oft' I've noticed in the Springtime
When the winter days are o'er,
How the sweet and pretty blossoms
Cover mountain, vale, and moor;
And I always love to pick them
As I journey on my way.
But alas! the fairest, sweetest,
"Fade and wither in a day."

Even so was it with Eva,
Fairer flower never grew;
Always kind and tender hearted,
And as pure as morning dew;
Never on that dear old campus
Has there walked more perfect girl;
She from duty never faltered;
Eva was indeed a pearl.

And while others took life easy,
She about her tasks would go;
Through the scorching rays of summer,
Autumn's wind, and winter's snow.

Although others proved ungrateful
For the favors she had done;
On her course she still continued;
Tried to comfort every one.

Thus it used to give me pleasure
Just to wander o'er the hills,
And to pick the fragrant flowers
Near the brooks and shady rills;
And to give them all to Eva,
Though t'was little in my sight,
She a passion had for flowers
And would take them with delight.

With the fast approach of summer,
Graduation near at hand,
Eva went to do her shopping,
Her commencement dress was planned;
But there came a sudden illness,
She grew weaker day by day;
Then it seemed that in a twinkling
Her young life had passed away.

And the goods which she had purchased,
And of which she was so proud;
By her loving friends were taken,
And were made into a shroud.
Calm she lay among the flowers,
O'er the pillow streamed her hair,
In her hand was her diploma;
(That was her Commencement there!)

Graduated from earth's college,
Now to Heaven she has gone;
From these shores so dark and dreary
To a land of perfect dawn.
And I trust that some bright morning
I shall see her face so fair,
As she stands among the flowers,
"In the upper garden there."

HOW SAM GOT THE BEAR.

Sam Griffin was a huntin' man,
Who lived in Tennessee,
An' of his skill wid gun an' dogs,
He loved to boast, did he.
He'd caught mo'e possums, killed mo'e baihs
Dan any man in town—
At least he used to say he had,
When loaferin' aroun'.

He owned a "ole time flint lock" gun
Dat couldn't kill a lahk.
I know 'twas made a hundahd yeahs
'Fo'e Noah built de ahk.
He also owned a mangy houn',
An' he was ancient, too.
His teef was gone, an' bread an' milk
Was all dat he could chew.

But Sam would blow about his dog
An tell about de day
When "Towsah" et a full-growed baih,
An' chased de cubs away.

An' den his wife would look at him,
  An' kindah squint huh eyes,
An' say, "aw Sam, go cut some wood,
  An' stop yo' telling lies."

But Sam persisted 'till one day
  A show 'nough baih did come,
An 'while he carried off a pig
  De folks stood helpless, dumb.
When he had gone, dey thought of Sam
  An' to his cabin run,
An' said, "hey Sam, we've seen a baih,
  Go git yo' dog an' gun."

So Sam took down his rusty gun
  An' called his flea-bit dog.
But Towsah was so old an' deef
  He stood daih like a log.
Until he saw his mastah leave,
  An' staht across de fiel's,
An' den he scratched, and shook hisself,
  An' tagged on at his heels.

Dey walked about a mile aw mo'e,
  Den Towsah "tucked his tail,"
An' lookin' straight in front of him
  Sam saw a bloody trail.
It led towahds a gully like,
  Sam follered it in daih,
But 'fo'e he'd gone a dozen yards
  He run up on dis baih.

Sam gib one yell, an' tuhned aroun'
An' thowed away his gun.
He kicked his boots from off his feet
An' den how he did run.
He run clean ovah Towsah, suh,
An lef' him daih to die,
Den wid de track all cleah in front
It seemed dat he would fly.

He busted thoo de brushes like
A wild deer in its flight.
Den as de baih snapped at his heels
De cabin hove in sight.
His wife was at de window too,
Sam made his final drive,
Den said, "Hey open up de doo',
I'se brought him home alive."

BEHAVE YO'SELF.

Well son, I'll tell a story now,
Espec'ly jis faw you,
Since you went out to git de wood
An' missed de othah two.
Co'se dis un ain't so funny dough,
Don't s'pose you'll like it much;
It's got a lesson dought faw boys
What carry's on in chu'ch.

Now p'raps you all will be su'prised,
May even crack a smile,
To t'ink yo' gran'pop was so bad;
Co'se I was jis a chile,

An' went to chu'ch one summah day,
De sun was shinin' strong,
But jis de same my mammy took
Huh bumbashoote along.

My daddy said, "Oh, leave it home,
'Taint gwine to rain a bit."
But mammy said "You nevah min'
I'll fin' some use faw it."
So as I say we went to chu'ch
In all dat br'ilin' sun,
It happened we was kindah late,
De meetin' had begun.

But we walked in an' took ouah seats,
An' heard de sermon froo.
De preachah he talked loud an' long,
As he would sometimes do.
An' I got tiahed sittin' daih,
An' kicked upon de seat,
But mamy said when chu'ch was out
"Dat sermon was a treat."

Dey had a aftah-meetin' den,
Mos' ev'ry one took paht,
An' tole how hahd it was to dodge
Ole Satan's fiery daht.
By dat time I was good an' mad,
An' noisy as could be.
"Behave yo'self," my mammy said,
An' kindah frowned at me.

Well faw a while I kep' right still
As each his 'sperience told;

Den Deacon Johnson raised a hymn,
  My how dat music rolled.
Ole Sistah Green got happy den,
  As folks will do down Souf.
She went to fling huh han's an' smacked
  De deacon in de mouf!

It was so sudden, don't you know,
  He bellered like a calf.
I tried my bes' to hol' it in,
  But I jis had to laugh.
De folks in front all tu'ned aroun'
  An' rolled daih eyes at me,
An' mammy grabbed me in de neck,
  "You come out hyeah," said she.

"Excuse me mammy, dis one time,"
  I whimpahed an' I cried,
Because I saw dat she had brought
  Huh bumbashoote outside.
But she undid my galluses,
  An' helt me 'cross huh knee,
An' den she raised dat bumbashoote
  An' brought it down on me.

She beat an' beat, an' den she stopped
  And talked to me awhile,
She said dat if you spaih de rod
  You's boun' to spile de chile.
De fiah dat shined in huh eyes
  Was strong enough to dazzle.
An' when she stopped dat bumbashoote
  Was wo'e down to a frazzle.

Faw full two weeks, suh, aftah dat,
If I sot down to eat,
Why fust I allus had to put
A pillow in de seat.
De lesson which dat lickin' taught
I tell you it was such
Dat nevah from dat day till dis
Has I cut up in chu'ch.

THE AFTERMATH.

It was summer, I walked through a garden,
The pathway was pleasant and wide,—
And the birds in the treetops were singing—
The roses grew thick on each side.

But I trampled them down in my hurry—
The fairest the sun shone upon—
Then I noticed the summer was waning,
And that most of the roses were gone.

Still I searched till at length I had found one
Which I grasped as a balm for my grief.
But alas! I beheld when I plucked it
That my rose had a poor, withered leaf.

YOU HAVE ENCOURAGED ME.

To B. C. B.

Although I try I cannot tell
Just how you stand my verse so well.
Another would just look at it,
And tell me that I ought to quit.
But you typewrite it with content,
And to your thoughts do not give vent,
But often, when all hope is gone,
You smile and say "that's right, keep on."

Those words encourage me so well,
They seem to cast a magic spell,
Once more I try, and in short time,
I've rattled off another rhyme.
And when again we have a chat,
Then you exclaim "did you write that?
Why you're a marvel, I declare,
I tell you what, you're getting there!"

Then I, you know, can scarce believe,
That you're not trying to deceive
Or make me think I'm doing well,
Because you cannot bear to tell
The truth, and thus discourage me,
And so you speak like that you see.
However since it hits the spot
I'm apt to make it yet as not.

And if some day I do succeed,
I shall repay your noble deed.
Nor shall I once regret the cost,
For deeds like those must not be lost;
It will be something worth your while.
Yes, that is true, you need not smile.
And what a pleasure it will be
To pay, for you've encouraged me.

FAREWELL.

Alas my love, that this should come!
The time when we should part—
Though thou art like a bird set free,
Mine is a broken heart.
Though gay and happy once were we,
Each to the other all,
Now e'en the sweetest moments spent
Seem but as bitter gall.
Farewell to hope, to joy, to love,
To scenes I've known so well;
Farewell to friends, farewell to home,
And thou, my love, farewell!

This soul of mine which once rejoiced
Now seems so crushed and dead;
And life for me no pleasure holds
Since thou from me hast fled;
But still my heart is true to thee,
And let no traitor say
That love which once I freely gave
I now would take away.

Farewell to hope, to joy, to love,
To scenes I've known so well.
Farewell to friends, farewell to home,
And thou, my love, farewell!

Although thou hast forsaken me,
And caused my heart to pine,
What once I was, I still remain,
Now and forever thine.
And when to dust this body turns,
Down far beneath the sod,
My spirit still shall seek that path
On which thy feet have trod.
Farewell to hope, to joy, to love,
To scenes I've known so well—
Farewell to friends, farewell to home;
And thou my love, farewell!

And still farewell, for I am weak,
And cannot say thee "no,"
Nor seek to stay thee from the course
Which thou dost choose to go.
Farewell to fields and babbling brooks.
To bees and butterflies;
Farewell to song bird's sweetest note,
Farewell to summer skies.
Farewell to hope, to joy, to love,
To scenes I've known so well,
Farewell to thee, unfaithful love—
To life itself, farewell!

"And bless my paw somewhere in France."

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH.

Oh, Lord, before we go to sleep,
  Please bless my maw and me,
And bless my paw, "somewhere in France"—
  Wherever that may be—
And God please bless our cotton crop,
  Don't let the weevils come
And ruin it again this year,
  Or we won't have no home.

Don't let Marse Thompson take our mules
  To pay that grocery bill;
Don't let him take our cow and calf,
  Because we needs them still.
Please fix some way so that my maw
  Won't have to work so hard
From Monday until Saturday,
  With clothes out in our yard.

And God please help the officers
  To treat us as they should,
And please do send my maw and me
  Some coal or else some wood,
Because our fence rails are all gone—
  We've got the last on now—
And it is awful cold outdoors,
  So help us Lord somehow.

Don't let those men that came last week
And took my Uncle Jake,
Come back to-night for maw and me,
And burn us at the stake,
Because we've not done any harm,
We've not picked any fuss—
He hadn't either, he was sick,
And here at home with us.

And, oh, please bless Aunt Phoebe, Lord!
She's guilty of no crime—
Except to grieve for Uncle Jake,
And cry most all the time.
Don't let the gas bombs hurt my paw,
Shield him from shot and shell,
Protect him from the aeroplanes
And Zeppelins as well.

Bless all our soldiers at the front,
Both white, please Lord, and black,
Watch over them, both night and day,
And let them all come back.
And God please bless the President
With wisdom from above,
Smile down on him for Jesus' sake,
And fill his heart with love.

Help him to push "New Freedom's" cause—
Freedom for every one—
Give him a seat at Your right hand
When life on earth is done.

And lead my paw throughout this war,
  And bring him home again,
And we will serve You all our lives,
  For Jesus' sake, Amen!

RIGHT MUST WIN.

Oh, tell me not that "right" is dead,
  That "justice" is asleep,
That "Providence" doth not exist,
  Nor God His vigil keep.

Too firm indeed is my belief
  In "God's eternal plan"
To e'er believe he could forget
  His promises to man.

Though "justice" seems perverted oft',
  And "evil" conquers "good,"
And while the rich their substance waste,
  The "righteous" beg for food.

Though carnal "lust" despoils the "pure,"
  And leaves a crimson trail,
And "helpless souls" stretch out their hands,
  And cry to no avail.

Though nations, strong, oppress the weak,
  And wars are won by might,
Yet all of this, somewhere, somehow,
  Must be dethroned by right.

THE LAUNDRY MAN.

One day a famous friend of mine—
A noble hearted Turk—
Suggested that I write a book
Of "helps on laundry work."
Now, if I ever were induced
My private views to tell,
I'd say, like Sherman said of war,
That laundry work is—well.

I think of all the jobs on earth,
The meanest one of all.
It leaves a mental after-taste,
Still bitterer than gall.
Of knocks and kicks and hateful looks
There never is a lack.
There's always some one standing round
To stab you in the back.

Some cottage mother says that she
Has missed a lot of clothes
And has a list a full yard long,
From pillow-slips to hose.
The office calls you every day,
To hunt up this or that,
For some one else has lost a dress,
A shirt, a cap, or hat.

And if you tell them "what is what"
They run around and jaw,
And tell the most infernal lies
Of clothes they never saw.

You leave your work and off you go
And seek and search about,
And while you're gone the engine stops
Or else a fuse burns out.

The water you have left turned on
Has flooded all the floor,
Or else a steam pipe's leaky valve
Sounds like artillery's roar.
Perhaps the wringer has blown up,
The mangle lost a chain.
Or else a washer will not work—
The belt can't stand the strain.

You tear down to the engine room,
But get no further cheer
Than this, to hear some alien say,
"Dey hain't no hengineer."
The children do not want to work,
And drag their feet and frown,
Unless you grab them in the neck
And shake their dinner down.

The coal is bad and full of slate,
And won't burn like it should;
The women chop the wood-box up—
Nor ask for kindling wood.
In summer you are wringing wet,
From collar to your knees.
In winter time you step out doors
And in a moment freeze.

I'm going to tell the honest truth,
  Although I am no shirk,
I'd rather spend my time in France
  Than doing laundry work.
I'd rather join a bombing squad
  Or ride a "British tank,"
Than be just "everybody's slave"
  And die a hopeless crank.

But still I know that those who strive
  To live close to the Lord,
And do what's right, will soon or late
  Receive their just reward.
Of those who enter Heaven's gates
  And lead the caravan,
I know that one will surely be
  The poor old laundry man.

GABRIEL'S MESSENGERS.

Daih's a whippoo'will a singin'
Undahneaf my window sill,
  Towsah too, keeps howlin' jis outside de doo'.
Now when birds an' beasts acts dat way
When de mornin's calm an' still,
  From dat cabin someone sho has got to go.

Now I don't believe in sperrits,
Nor in supahstitious folks,
  An' I'se jis as independent as kin be,
But I feel my time's 'bout up now,
'Case I'se lived a good long while,
  An' I 'spec' dat Gab'iel soon will come faw
    me.

'Liza Jane's done gone to Heaben
Put nigh on ten yeahs ago,
An' I can't jis see why I is lef' hyeah still.
An' somehow I'se kindah longin'
Faw dat little white-washed fence
What am standin' 'roun' de chu'ch yahd by de hill.

Den jis lay me daih beside huh,
Down beneaf de elum tree,
Whaih de robins in its branches sadly sing.
An' de creepin' vines is growin'
An' a climbin' on de stones,
An' de grass is tall an' wavin' in de spring.

ON ACCOUNT.

You said I would reap what I planted,
You said I would pay for my fun,
I laughed as I said in my folly
"The things I have done, I have done."
Your words through the years have gone with me,
I tried but I could not forget.
I have paid—a thousand times over
And still I am paying that debt.

THE BUFFALOES' PARADE.

'Twas a March day, warm and sunny,
In the year "nineteen-eighteen,"
That a New York throng was treated
To this patriotic scene;
When three thousand negro soldiers
All in battle togs arrayed,
Ere they left to help their Allies,
Were to hold a grand parade.

Came the cry at length "they're coming,"
And it fell on eager ears,
For ten thousand gay spectators
Gave as many lusty cheers,
As they saw the manly fighters
Marching up Fifth Avenue
Past the Union League's great clubhouse
For the Governor's review.

Moved they with clock-work precision,
Steady step and fearless eye,
Heads erect, and faces forward,
Bound to "see it through" or die.
And their bayonets were bristling
And their teeth were clenched the while,
All except those fleeting moments
When some friend caused them to smile.

And the watchful, waiting thousands
  Who were packed along the way
Cried "Hurrah, Three-Sixty-Seventh,"
  And again "Hip, hip hurray."
Then the boys received the colors
  From the Governor's own hands
And again they started marching
  To the music of their bands.

Thus they moved on up to Harlem,
  And their steady, martial tread
Filled each patriot with courage,
  While each foe was filled with dread.
There were mothers who were crying,
  But their tears were tears of joy,
Joy that each could help her country
  With a noble-hearted boy.

No need, there, to search for traitors,
  All who saw those negroes knew
That beneath each suit of khaki
  Beat a heart both tried and true.
And they knew they would not falter
  To uphold earth's righteous laws
And would face hell and the Kaiser,
  To defend their country's cause.

Then the bands played "Suwanee River"—
  It was syncopated, too—
And the crowds all grew light-hearted,
  For you just could not stay blue.
Then they next cut loose on "Dixie,"
  And you ought have heard them play,
All the tears were quickly banished,
  Driven were all cares away.

And the cheers rose higher, higher,
For the noble Buffaloes
Who had spent their time in gaining
Strength to overcome their foes,
And to keep Old Glory waving,
And to march on, undismayed,
Until they returned triumphant
From their European parade.

HOPE

O Hope! into my darkened life
Thou hast so oft' descended;
My helpless head from failure's blows,
Thou also hast defended;
When circumstances hard, and mean,
Which I could not control,
Did make me bow my head with shame,
Thou comforted my soul.

When stumbling blocks lay all around,
And when my steps did falter,
Then did thy sacred fires burn
Upon my soul's high altar.
Oft' was my very blackest night
Scarce darker than my day,
But thou dispelled those clouds of doubt,
And cheered my lonely way.

E'en when I saw my friends forsake,
And leave me for another,
Then thou, O Hope, didst cling to me
Still closer than a brother;
Thus with thee near I groped my way
Through that long, gloomy night
Till now; yes, as I speak, behold,
I see the light! the light!

DE DEACON'S MISTAKE

Now Hi'am Ephum Johnson was
  A pusson ob renown,
A deacon in de Baptist Chu'ch,
  De oldest in de town;
Respected by bofe white an' black,
  Because ob kindly ways,
Which dough peculiar wah conceived
  In dose dahk slav'ry days,

An' many tales de deacon tol',
  Which brought teahs to de eyes,
Ob dose who heahd an' filled dey heahts
  Wid sorrow an' surprise.
He tole ob slav'ry, sin an' shame,
  An' deed ob dahkest hue,
He told dem ob One crucified,
  Who died fo' me an' you.

An' sinnahs trimbled when dey saw
  Him comin' down de street,
An' always doffed dey hats to him
  Wheah evah dey might meet.
An' always, too, in meetin's daih
  Wah many groans an' sighs,
As deacon prayed yo' thoughts arose
  Frum ea'th to vaulted skies.

But yet, in spite ob all ob dis,
De deacon he would go
An' stay away faw half de night,
Whaih? no one seemed to know.
An' people den begun to talk,
An' sometimes laugh or smile;
But Deacon Johnson went to chu'ch
An' prayed on all de while.

De meetin' did not seem complete
If deacon was not daih;
No one could raise de hymns like he,
Naw no one lead in praih.
But strange t'ings happen in dis life,
De dumb is made to talk,
An' sometimes dose lame fum dey youth
Take up dey beds an' walk.

So deacon, now by habit bent,
Strolled down de road one night,
An' some one seen him sneakin' in
When it was broad daylight.
'Twas Sunday, an' dough deacon knowed
Dat he was in de lu'ch
He put on his Prince Albert coat
An' went on off to chu'ch.

But dough he tried so very ha'd
His vigil still to keep,
His eyelids kep' a-drappin' 'till
Dey finely closed in sleep.
An' he would sort o' nod his head
An' slowly move his han's
Aroun' in semicircles like
So many little fans.

De preachuh finished up his talk
While he was sleepin' daih,
An' said, "If Bruddah Johnson's heah,
Will he please lead in praih?"
"Yes, daih he is!" some sistah said,
Expectin' him to lead;
Dat fan'like motion still kep' on—
He was asleep, indeed.

An' when de preachah looked an' saw,
He said with thund'rous roah,
Dat rattled 'gainst de window-panes,
An' rolled on out de doah,
"Ouah bruddah seems to be asleep.
Some tonic he must need!
Now, Bruddah Johnson, when you wake,
Will you please kindly lead?"

Dat dis was still de night befo',
Good Deacon Johnson felt.
An' he said, "No, suh, lead yo'-self,
You know dat I jis dealt!"
Well, folks, I tell you now dat chu'ch
Was nigh tu'ned upside-down,
An' when 'twas foun' dat he played cards,
De Deacon lef' de town.

A lesson, too, he lef' behin'
Faw folks who seemed to doubt,
Dat it is true, de sins you do,
Will sometimes fin' you out.
An' sayin' high-faultin' praihs
Don't help a single bit,
When in yo' heaht you's nothin' but
A low-down hyppocrite.

A RACE FOR LIFE

Far in the wilds of Canada,
Deep in the timber belt,
Where giant hemlocks skyward rose
A logger's family dwelt.
And in the spring the logs were cut,
And seasoned for the mill;
In summer all his time it took
His plot of ground to till.

In autumn there was harvesting,
And other work to do,
Supplies to get, and firewood,
To last the winter through.
And when at length by snow and ice
The forest kings were crowned
And nature slept all clothed in white,
Still work enough was found.

For then the logger plied his trade,
And made a trip each day,
And to the siding took his logs
Some fifteen miles away.
Returning thus one afternoon,
He struck the lonely road
Which lay between his home and him
When he had sold his load.

"Get up, my beauties," then said he—
His horses forward sprang,
And clear upon the frosty air
The many sleigh bells rang.
The woods lay dark and still and bare,
And from the trees around,
No echo broke upon his ears
Except the sleighbells' sound.

He still drove on his prancing steeds,
For anxious then was he
To reach his home before the night,
And wife and children see.
Then of a sudden came a sound
That fills strong hearts with fear,
The horses, too, that sound have heard,
With fright they plunge and rear.

And closer now there comes again
A long blood curdling wail,
It was a wolf, the driver knew,
His face turned deathly pale.
And soon that sound was multiplied
As others joined the chase;
Then as the driver snapped his whip
A race for life took place.

The horses shook their flowing manes,
Their heads were outward tost,
Their hoof beats rained upon the snow,
Then on the air were lost.
Could he but reach the clearing first,
There in its friendly space,
The driver knew a chance he stood
That howling pack to face.

And so he drove his frantic steeds
  And called them out by name,
Up, Dandy! Lil'! Hi Jack, you scamp!
  And on the pack still came.
Then mingled with the howl of wolves,
  The silver sleigh bells rang,
Far out in air the driver's whip
  Above the horses sang.

The wolves, half starving, see their meal
  About to slip away,
They snapping, snarling as they come,
  Strive to surround their prey.
The driver rises to his feet,
  The reins he clutches tight;
And lifts the horses in their stride
  And drives with all his might.

Gone is his cap and torn by wolves,
  His hair tost by the wind,
The comfort tied about his neck
  Is streaming out behind.
His veins stand out like gnarlèd vines
  Around some rugged tree,
And from their sockets stand his eyes;
  Yet ever on drives he.

And still drives on those foaming steeds,
  And slackens not his pace;
But only prays that they may last
  To win that awful race.
The horses' breath comes thick and hot;
  They quiver, too, with fright;
Then as their pace begins to fail,
  The clearing comes in sight.

And now he quickly reins them in,
  And brings them standing there;
Quick to his shoulder flies his gun,
  A shot rings on the air.
And quick in answer to that shot
  One hungry wolf was gone,
And as he fell by all the pack
  Was he then pounced upon.

To crimson soon was turned the snow,
  And dead wolves strewed the place
Where lately had the driver stood
  With grim death face to face.
And ere that gun had ceased to crack,
  The last gaunt brute was gone;
The driver gathered up his reins
  And once more he drove on.

HYMN TO PHILADELPHIA

Though you may travel many miles,
  And go from coast to coast,
Of all the cities you will see,
  There's one you'll love the most;
It is in Pennsylvania,
  Upon the Delaware,
And all the nations of the earth
  Are represented there.

'Twas William Penn who laid its plans
In years long past and gone.
Now though he sleeps beneath the sod
That city still lives on.
Her name is Philadelphia,
Tribute to her we bring,
And all who walk upon her streets
With joy her praises sing.

And hospitality for all
Doth in her heart exist,
Which is akin to "mother love,"
That you cannot resist.
When once you've tasted of her joys,
No matter where you roam,
You always will remember her,
And think of her as "home."

O, blessed Philadelphia,
Thy name we love to hear;
Within thy boundaries it seems
To heaven we are near!
Thy river's peaceful waters flow
Out to the deep blue sea,
And mighty ships upon it ride
In perfect safety.

Thou art a city which can boast
Of great commercial wealth,
While latitude and longitude
Make thee abound in health.
We love thy parks and museums,
Thy schools and churches grand,
Thy literature, and works of art,
The finest in the land.

Here liberty was first proclaimed,
Upon "that July morn,"
And in good Betsy Rosses house
Old Glory, too, was born.
Then fling thy standard to the sky,
And let it proudly wave;
And let all nations know thy worth,
Thou city of the brave!

MY COUSIN FROM BOSTON

Now, we live in a "country town,"
As folks are wont to say;
I had a pretty cousin, though,
Who lived up Boston way.
And invitations oft' to her
By wife and me were sent;
We wanted her to visit us,
And would not be content,
But wrote and wrote to Boston.

A message we at last received,
And read it with a smile,
My cousin said 'twould please her much
To visit us a while.
So to the station then next day
We had the chauffeur drive,
And meet the train on which she was
Expected to arrive—
"The limited from Boston."

But he came back and said her wrath
Upon him she had poured,
And said that she had rather walk
Than ride up in a "Ford."
And then my wife to meet her ran,
And kissed her on the face.
'Twas not returned; my cousin said
Folks thought it out of place
To kiss at all in Boston.

But still we overlooked her faults—
That was, my wife and I—
We said that all would come out right,
In some sweet bye and bye.
So many days she spent with us,
But worse and worse she grew;
And she would grumble and complain,
No matter what we'd do—
'Twas different in Boston.

On Sundays if we went to church
And heard a sermon grand,
Why she would say the preacher was
The poorest in the land.
On weekdays if we saw a game
At our baseball park,
She said the grandstand looked as old
As Uncle Noah's ark—
They had it beat in Boston.

Or if we went to see a show
At our playhouse new,
She said "'twas small and second class,
The show was rotten, too."

"The Tremont and the Hollis Street
Have got that skinned a mile."
Yes, that's the very way she talked,
And never cracked a smile—
My cousin up from Boston.

A letter wife one day picked up,
And womanlike, you know,
She had to read it through and through
Before she'd let it go.
My cousin's mother it was from,
It had arrived that day;
She mentioned several other things,
And then went on to say
That things were dull in Boston.

She also said "I'm mighty glad
You struck those country folks,
I thought that I would nearly die
A laughing at your jokes."
Still we resolved to hold our peace
And play the game on through
And not let on that we were wise,
And see what she would do—
This cousin up from Boston.

We took her out to dinner then,
At our best cafe,
I noticed that she ate right well,
Nor did she long delay,
The dinners cost two dollars each,
But as we neared the door,
She cast a backward glance and said,
"That service sure was poor,
We've got it beat in Boston."

And then she laughed about the friends
Whom we met on the street,
We never passed a single one
That Boston could not beat.
And when at last we reached that place,
Which wife and I called "home,"
She said, as round the cosy room
Her chilly gaze did roam,
"I wish I was in Boston."

That was too much my cup was full
And slopping o'er the brim,
My jaw got set and on my face,
There came a look most grim,
I said, "You'd better go there then,
My work is all in vain.
You are the worst I've ever seen,
You've got more gall than brain,
Yes go on back to Boston!"

My cousin then broke down and cried,
To change she made a vow;
She kept it too, then fell in love,
And she is married now,
They have the cutest little flat
Not many squares away;
She and her husband visit us
Most every other day,
Nor does she mention "Boston."

Fido 'spected somepin mus' be wrong.

FIDO

Yes, dat's Fido what you see daih,
Co'se he's gittin' ole an' slow;
An' his bes' days all is ovah now, I feah.
But I'll tell you why we keeps him,
Faw I s'pose you'd like to know,
Hit's a story, too, I'd like faw you to heah.

He was little when we got him,
But he had a heap o' sense,
Dough daih wa'nt no pedigree 'tached to his name.
He was pahtly houn' an' bull dog
An' a little shepe'd, too,
But dat dog he made you love him jis de same.

He was young an' fat an' playful,
Wid a nice clean coat o' haih,
An' his limbs was jis as graceful as could be;
An' his eyes was bright an' sparklin'
An' his hearin' it was keen,
Better dog dan him you wouldn't want to see.

An' de reason why we keeps him
An' we give him sich good keer
Is because dat many, many yeahs ago,
When we chillen all was little
An' ouah daddy was away,
Dat a tramp come up to ouah house you know.

He axed mammy, "Whaih yo' husband'?"
Mammy said he was away
Den at once dat tramp he stahted gittin' bad;
Said dat he mus' hab some money
An' he stahted lookin' roun'
An' I s'pose he'd took de las' cent dat we had.

But somehow it seems dat Fido
'Spected somepin mus' be wrong
An' at once he come a dashin' thoo de doo'
An' my mammy was so skaid, suh,
Dat she couldn't say a word—
She jis stood daih sick an' tremblin' in de floo'.

Den ole Fido's back got bristled
An' his eyes tunned almos' green
An' he also had a look upon his face
Dat said he was daih faw business
An' dey'd be somebody bit;
So de tramp decided den to leave de place.

And he started out a runnin',
Wid ole Fido at his heels,
An' dey looked jis like two racers on a track
Bruthah Bub was yellin' sick 'im,
Jis' as loud as he could yell,
An' ole Fido took him roun' de house an' back.

Man, dat tramp was runnin' puhty—
Coat tail stood out on de win'—
I can't tell you how he looked an' I'm not
try'n—
Den I saw him tuhnin' sideways
And I wondah'd what 'twas faw,
It was only so as he could keep from fly'n'!

Fido gib him one good bite, dough,
As de tramp went troo de gate,
An dat dog he was excited as could be.
Den he looked up in ouah faces
An' his tail was waggin' so
Jis as if to say, "Now ain't you proud o' me?"

Bruthah Bub den hugged an' kissed him
An' my mammy hugged 'em bofe,
'Cause daih really wasn't nothin' else to do.
An' when daddy come at night, suh,
An' foun' out what he had did,
Why he called ole Fido in an' hugged him too.

Now aldough he's ole an' feeble
An' his teef is falling' out,
An' his haih is gittin' straggly like an' thin,
An' He can't see like he use' to
An' his hearin' ain't so fine,
Still we keeps him faw de good dat he has been.

THE TRIALS OF AN ENTERTAINER

Well, daih ain't no use in talkin',
Daih's some folks dat jis won't do;
Dey ain't got a bit mo'e mannahs
Dan a chile ob one, aw two.
In de chu'ch, aw hall, aw pahlah,
Makes no diffe'nce whaih you go,
You will meet dat kind ob people
Dat is boun' to make you so'e.

Dey won't come till ten o'clock, suh,
So de concert can begin.
Even aftah you git stahted
Some will come a walkin' in,
Soundin' like a pack o' hosses,
Jist a stompin' on de floo'.
An' dey'll walk right straight up front, suh,
So daih finery dey can show.

Den dey'll stan' daih jis faw meanness;
Staht to squabblin' 'bout a seat;
Now if dat ain't aggravatin',
Well, I hope I may be beat.
Den you'll see some gall an' feller
Sittin' on de fust front row
Dat will allus be a tryin'
Faw to show how much dey know.

An' dey'll talk all thoo de singin',
Dey don't want to hyeah daih-self—
An' dey'll keep up sich a racket
Dat daih can't nobody else.
If dey know de piece you's speakin'
Dey recite it 'long wid you,
But daih ain't no use in kickin',
Cause some people jis won't do.

LULLABY

What's de mattah, honey chile,
You's been cryin' dis long while?
Now gib mammy jis one smile—
  Hush, hush, hush.
All day long you's run about,
Now yo' mammy does not doubt
Dat huh baby's tiahd out—
  Hush, hush, hush.

"Ohthah chillen playin' too,"
Yes, yo' mammy knows dats true,
But dey's oldah, chile, dan you;
  Hush, hush, hush.
Golden sun am in de Wes',
Time faw you to go to res'—
Lay yo' head on mammy's breas'—
  Hush, hush, hush.

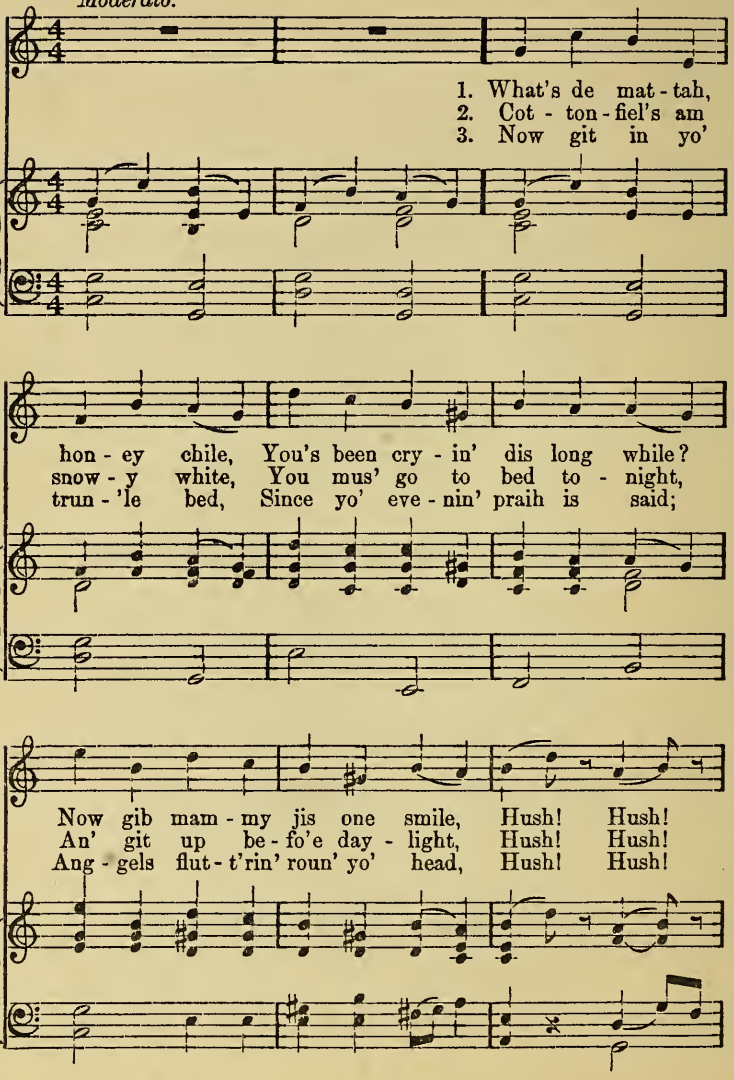
Cotton fiel's am snowy white;
You mus' go to bed tonight;
An' git up befo'e daylight—
  Hush, hush, hush.
Say yo' praihs, "I lay me down,"
Chile, you mus' not look aroun',
Dat wa'nt nothin' but a soun'—
  Hush, hush, hush.

Now git in yo' trun'le bed,
Since yo' evenin' praih is said;
Angels flutt'rin roun' you head—
  Hush, hush, hush.
Dough you's tiahd out to-night,
You wil wake up feelin' bright,
Now aint dat a puhty sight?
  Hush, hush, hush.

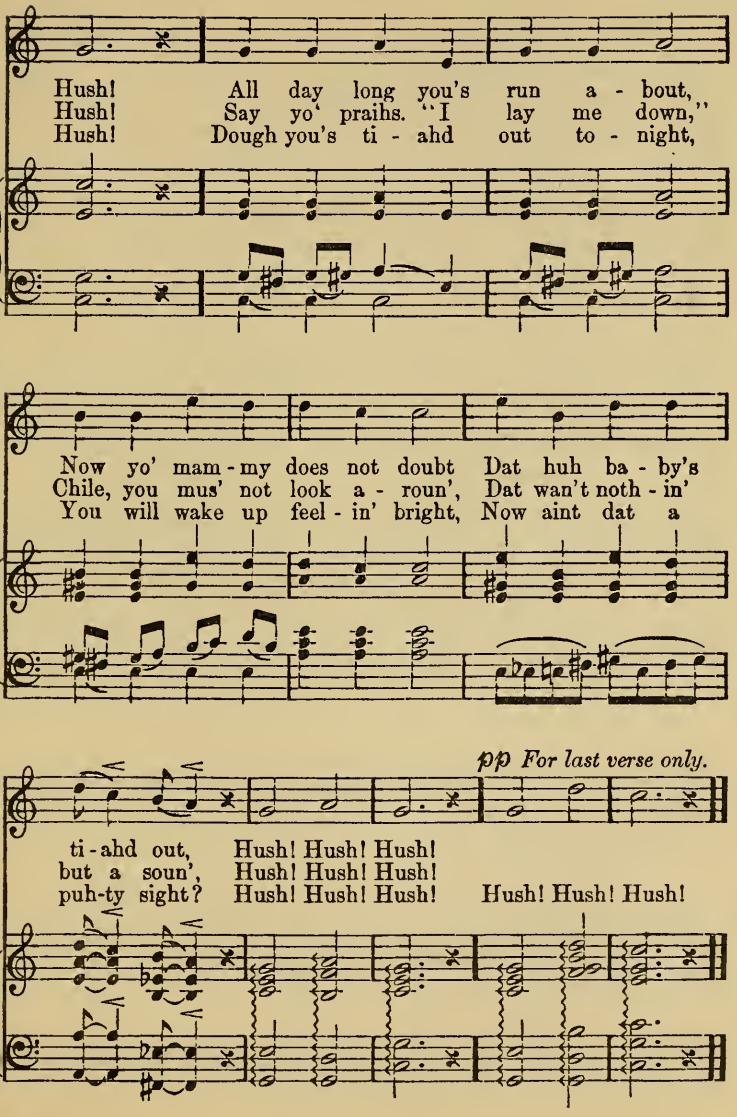
LULLABY.

Words and melody by
Theodore H. Shackleford.

Music arranged by
R. Henri Robinson.

Moderato.

1. What's de mat - tah,
2. Cot - ton - fiel's am
3. Now git in yo'
hon - ey chile, You's been cry - in' dis long while?
snow - y white, You mus' go to bed to - night,
trun - 'le bed, Since yo' eve - nin' praih is said;
Now gib mam - my jis one smile, Hush! Hush!
An' git up be - fo'e day - light, Hush! Hush!
Ang - gels flut - t'rin' roun' yo' head, Hush! Hush!

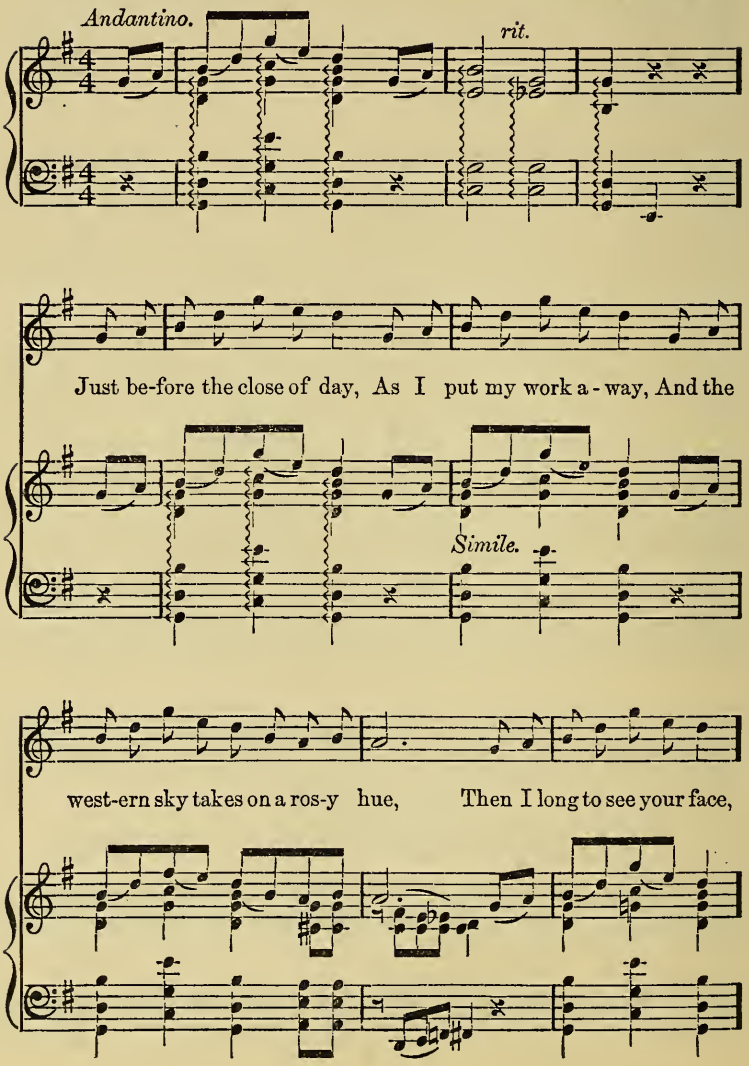
LULLABY.—Concluded.


Hush! All day long you's run a - bout,
Hush! Say yo' praihs. "I lay me down,"
Hush! Dough you's ti - ahd out to - night,
Now yo' mam - my does not doubt Dat huh ba - by's
Chile, you mus' not look a - roun', Dat wan't noth - in'
You will wake up feel - in' bright, Now aint dat a
pp For last verse only.
ti - ahd out, Hush! Hush! Hush!
but a soun', Hush! Hush! Hush!
puh-ty sight? Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush!

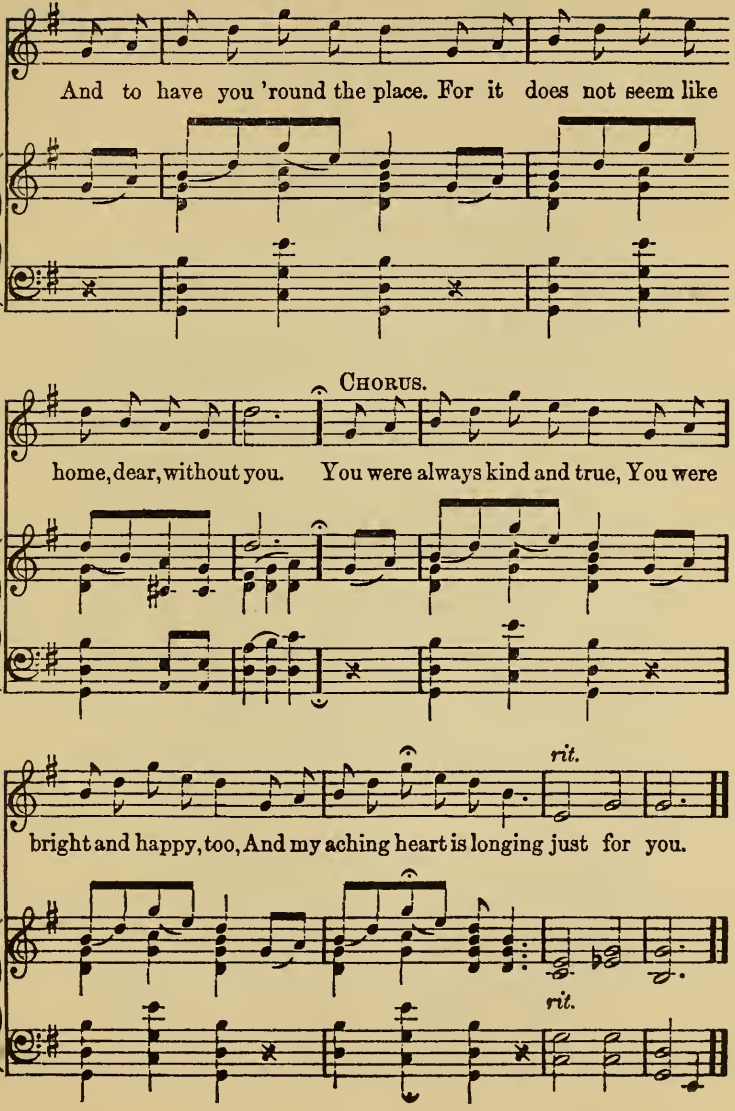
JUST FOR YOU.

Words and Melody by
Theodore H. Shackleford.

Music arranged by
R. Henri Robinson.


Andantino.
rit.
Just be-fore the close of day, As I put my work a-way, And the
Simile.
west-ern sky takes on a ros-y hue, Then I long to see your face,

JUST FOR YOU.—Concluded.


And to have you 'round the place. For it does not seem like
CHORUS.
home, dear, without you. You were always kind and true, You were
rit.
bright and happy, too, And my aching heart is longing just for you.
rit.

JUST FOR YOU.

Just before the close of day,
As I put my work away,
And the western sky takes on a rosy hue,
Then I long to see your face;
And to have you round the place;
For it does not seem like home, dear, without you.

Chorus.

You were always kind and true,
You were bright and happy, too,
And my aching heart is longing just for you.

Now the weeds grow rank and tall
All around the garden wall,
For no flowers there have bloomed since you have gone.
And the place seems dull and drear,
Since no longer you are here,
And the grass is dry and withered on the lawn.

Now the same friends seldom call,
And they do not seem at all
Like they used to be before you went away.
And your chair is vacant still,
That's a place which none can fill,
Since the angels took you from me that sad day.

THAT QUARTET FROM DOWNINGTOWN

Hyeah! you fellers stop dat yellin',
  Wakin' people from daih sleep,
An' a bangin' dat pianner,
  Singin' "Mary don't you weep."
You's as good as lots ob quartets
  Dat you sees a goin' roun';
But you jis can't hol' a can'le
  Faw dem boys from Downin'town!

Dis hyeah aint no place to practice,
  An' to 'speriment on folks;
I declaih to goodness gracious
  You is jus' a lot ob jokes.
Why daihs no pianner made, suh,
  Dat can make as sweet a soun'
As dat rich an' nachul music
  Ob dem boys from Downin'town.

Go on off down in de cellah
  If you want to learn to sing
So you ha'monize togethah
  Till you hyeah de music ring.
Man you feel yo' wings a sproutin'
  An' you can't stay on de groun'
When you hyeah some raal good singahs
  Like dem boys from Downin'town.

Johnny daih, his voice is shaky,
  Waltah, his is kindah rough,
Henry, his is sharp an' squeaky,
  Matthew his aint low enough.
Den when singin' 'bout ole Pharoh
  Be right glad to see him drown,
Like you would if you was singin'
  Wid dem boys from Downin'town!

If you's singing' 'bout yo' sorrer
  Git dat grin from off yo' face;
I declaih sich awful actin'
  Sholy is a big disgrace.
Why you bows yo' head wid pity,
  An' de teahs come tricklin down,
When you hyeah dat quartet singin'
  Massah's in de col', col' groun'!

Stop dat tuggin' an' a strainin,'
  Soun' jis like a dyin' calf;
Dough I'se tryin' not to do it
  Dat ah singin' makes me laugh.
Stop dat talkin' at yo' practice,
  Lay dat pleggone banjo down,
Else you'll nevah learn to sing, suh,
  Like dem boys from Downin'town!

MEMORIES OF DIXIE

By my fireside I'm sitting,
And I ponder all alone;
And I watch the flick'ring shadows moving round.
While the bleak wind howls and whistles
Just outside my northern home,
And it piles the snow in drifts upon the ground.

In my mind there are awakened,
Memories that long have slept,
But, alas! they only fill my heart with pain,
For I long once more to linger
In the place where I was born,
And to live in dear old Dixieland again.

And I long to see the river
And to stroll along its brink
While its depths reflect the moonlight's golden glow.
And for Dixie's balmy climate
All my soul doth long tonight,
Where the roses and the orange blossoms grow.

On the old bench with my sweetheart
I would love to sit again,
And to kiss her as I hold her soft warm hand.
Then to listen as she asks me,
With a smile upon her face,
"Dear, now tell me, aren't you proud of Dixieland?"

Give me back those happy moments
That I spent when by her side,
And to that dear humble cabin let me go.
By the moonlight let me court her,
As I did in days gone by,
As I sang and played upon my old banjo.

Then no matter what the future
In her arms for me might hold,
I would gladly give, and would not count it vain,
If but only for the ev'ning
I could see her lovely face,
And could live in dear old Dixieland again.

But, alas! fate wills it different,
And my wishes count for naught,
Although many earthly joys have come to me,
She is gone whom once I cherished
On this earth the very most,
And her loving smile again I shall not see.

Nor again when it is ev'ning,
And the sun is sinking low,
By her gentle, trusting side shall I e'er stand.
She has gone to where the flowers
In their beauty bloom for aye,
For she sleeps beneath the soil of Dixieland.

TO BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

And thou, O Washington, art dead!
Thou who hast done so much
To free thy people from the taint
Of ignorance's touch.
A message too of hope thou brought
To those whose way seemed drear;
Thou didst revive their fainting souls,
And fill their hearts with cheer.

Though born amidst most trying times,
Thou upward kept thine eyes;
And strove to help those farthest down,
And lead them to the prize.
Discouraged oft' by word of foe,
And e'en by word of friend;
Thou still kept on, nor stopped to rest
Till thou achieved thine end.

A school thou founded in the south,
Where worthy youth might come
And be prepared both for this life
And their eternal home.
Nor were thy noble efforts lost,
Nor sacrifices vain,
In lifting them thou placed thyself
Upon a higher plane.

A source of inspiration thou,
To many souls hast been;
For thee will mourn all those who dwelt
Tuskeegee's walls within.
Nor is Tuskeegee all alone
In grieving o'er thy loss,
For countless multitudes shall grieve
For whom thou bore the cross.

And never did they see thee once
Stop to be-moan thy fate;
But thou dids't strive to right the wrong
By toiling soon and late.
Thou gave thy life for love of man,
Enduring grief and pain;
And now we know that our loss
Is thy unceasing gain.

And did I say that thou was't dead?
I mean, thou art at rest;
Thou dwellest in that happy land
Prepared just for the blest.
As long as Tuskeegee shall stand
Her noble place to fill,
As long as men shall praise her name,
Shalt thou be living still.

DAT LITTLE ROOM OB MINE

When de worl' seems blue an' lonesome,
'Cause my friends has turned me down;
When I seek faw words ob comfort,
But instid I git a frown;
I don't waste no time a foolin',
But I take it faw a sign,
Dat it's time dat I was movin'
T'wa'ds dat little room ob mine.

Dough my heaht is almos' breakin',
Still I straightens up my lip;
An' decides dat on dis life, suh,
I will take a tightah grip.

Den I heah de bees a hummin'
In de honey-suckle vine
Dat am growin' roun' de window
Ob dat little room ob mine.

Den de conahs an' de bah rooms,
Dey don't hol' no cha'm foh me;
'Cause dat little room whaih I live
Is as cheerful as kin be.
It's my palace an' my kingdom,
An' it sho' is mighty fine,
Faw to know I rules supremely,
In dat little room ob mine.

It is quiet when I want it,
Aw it's full ob life so gay;
I can sing an' I can whistle
'Till I drive my troubles 'way.
I don't know no othah place, suh,
Whaih I'll sich a welcome fin',
As I do when I am sittin',
In dat little room ob mine.

I don't want no grand pianner,
I don't want no gramerphone,
When Ise got a good ole banjo,
An' it's all my very own.
I can play it in de evenin',
When de moon begins to shine,
An' dey'll be no one to stop me,
In dat little room ob mine.

An' I keeps de daily papers
An' some books upon a shelf;
On de wall Ise got some pichters,
An' I painted 'em myself.

Talk about yo' schools ob learnin',
An' yo' colleges so fine;
I can git mo'e eddercation
In dat little room ob mine.

I don't min' de summah weathah,
When de days am long an' hot;
'Cause when I gits to dat room, suh,
All my troubles is fawgot.
When my daily wohk is ovah,
'Fo'e you ax me whaih Ise gwine,
You can figgah dat Ise headin',
Faw dat little room ob mine.

I don't min' de chilly wintah,
When de snow is on de groun',
When Ise got a big hot fiah
An' daih's comfort all aroun'.
An' I know de lan' ob glory
Sholy mus' be somepin fine.
If it's fixed up any bettah
Dan dat little room ob mine.

WHY IS IT?

At times in life such funny things I see,
Or rather they are mysteries to me;
And seeking for an answer as I go,
I strive, in vain, to learn why this is so.

When man pours forth his noblest thoughts, men list',
And grudgingly they grant that he exist;
But when buffoonery to them he doth give,
Then they applaud, demanding that he live.

And they flock around her feet.

WHEN MARIA CALLS THE CHICKENS

When the busy day is done,
And the slowly sinking sun
  Fades from view out in the rosy tinted west,
Then a gentle voice I hear,
As it calls out sweet and clear,
  Ere the humble village folk have gone to rest:
Here chickie, chickie, chickie, chick!
When Maria calls the chickens home to roost.

Then from far across the hill,
They come running with a will,
  For they love to hear that pleasant welcome sound.
And I love to hear it too,
So, dear friend, I know would you,
  Should the honor fall to you to be around.
Here chickie, chickie, chickie, chick!
When Maria calls the chickens home to roost.

And they flock around her feet,
In their eager haste to eat,
  For Maria has her apron full of grain
And she throws it far and near
And they seem to have no fear,
  As her young and cheerful voice rings out again,
Here chickie, chickie, chickie, chick!
When Maria calls the chickens home to roost.

And they peck and hunt around,
Until ev'ry grain is found,
One by one they go to roost then for the night,
As the darkness settles down,
O'er the quiet sleepy town;
And I faintly hear her in the fading light;
Here chickie, chickie, chickie, chick!
When Maria calls the chickens home to roost.

START TODAY

Would that you could see the fortune,
That is lying at your door;
Would that I could make you grasp it,
But you, heedless, pass it o'er;
And that fortune is "the present,"
And how fast it flies away!
For 'tis made of golden minutes
Oh, how priceless is "today!"

Those who dwell amid vain pleasures,
Wasting minutes, days and years;
Drifting backward in life's struggle,
Find tomorrow filled with tears.
Those who reap the greatest blessings,
Those who conquer in the fray;
And who reach the goal tomorrow,
Are the ones who start today.

Cease to waste these precious minutes
In frivolities and strife,
Lest you multiply your sorrow
In the autumn of your life;

Start today and face the problem,
  Wait not 'till tomorrow comes,
Lest you find you've missed the banquet
  And have nothing left but crumbs.

He who on the wharf lies sleeping,
  "Waiting 'till his ship comes in,"
Often finds when he awakens
  That it has already been;
Oh, the world would know no paupers,
  Prisons then could not exist,
If the crime, of wasting minutes,
  Men and women would resist!

Could you realize the danger
  Which accompanies the shirk,
You would cease procrastinating,
  And would now start in to work
At the task which lies before you;
  And no longer would you say,
"I'll do thus and so tomorrow,"
  You instead would start today.

DESPONDENT

Bless my soul daihs no mo'e 'ligion
In de sinful heahts ob men,
  Judgin' from de awful wicked tings dey do.
By de strong de weak is 'flicted
Until dey can skaisly stan'
  An' daihs no one hyeah to tell yo' troubles to.

Faw de law is tuhned an' twisted
Till it can't be understood,
  Lessen you has got a million in de bank.

An' you won't git no attention
When you go to seek faw help
'Cept you's some big politician aw a crank.

Now de Negro made dis country
Just exactly what it is,
When a slave two hundred yeahs aw mo'e staid.
Den along comes all dese ailyuns,
An' dey try daih level best
Faw to run him from de country he has made.

Once de Negro done de farmin'
An' de blackin' ob de boots,
An' de cleanin' ob de offices, you know;
But in every place you go now
Daihs some furriner stuck in,
An' de cullahd man don't git no soht o' show.

Daihs no use to go down Souf dough,
'Cross de Mason, Dixon line,
'Cause you'll fin' out life down daih ain't so much fun.
Daih dey chuck de cullahd people
In a filthy "jim crow" cah,
An' insult de wimmen folks an' nothin's done.

An' a nasty, hateful train crew
Den will come a walkin' in,
An' while women stan' dey'll sit upon one seat;
An' dey'll use de wusted language,
An' dey'll spit tobaccer juice,
An' dey'll occupy de othah wid daih feet.

An' de men we's put in Congress
An' what's made sich solemn vows,
  Why dey says dat dey don't tink it's no disgrace.
Now I wondah how dey'd like it
If daih sistahs, an' daih wives
  An' daih mothahs had to ride in sich a place?

I'se not pleadin' faw myself dough,
Faw my work is almos' done,
  An' I seems to hyeah my mothah callin' me,
But I'se pleadin' faw my people
What will still be hyeah on earth
  When dat angel mothah's face I'se gone to see.

SONNET.

O, God, to Thee I come to-day,
  And with true repentance kneeling.
The while I bend my knee to pray,
  The tears from mine eyes are stealing.
But for Thy grace lost would I be,
  Or, ship-wrecked on life's hidden shoals,
Or left to drift upon that sea
  Where dwelleth all earth's derelict souls.
But Thou didst free from all alarms
  And shield me from the tempter's power;
Thou broke the shackles from my arms
  And Thou didst cheer my darkest hour.
Thou hast supplied my every need,
  And made me free, and free indeed.

ON THE CAFÉ CAR

When you're tired of the city,
And you want to get a job,
That will thrill your tired body
Till your heart will fairly throb;
Where the linen all is spotless,
And the silver clean and bright,
And where flowers deck the table,
And there's gas to make it light—
Get a café car.

Then a fellow feels like working,
If he gets a decent run;
And you meet all kinds of people,
And it sure is lots of fun.
And there's something most poetic,
When at last the meal is through,
And you sit beside the window,
Having nothing else to do;
On the café car.

And there's music in the car wheels,
As they hum along the rails,
There is also rhyme and rhythm,
As their song your ear assails.
And you gaze with rapt attention,
As the rocks and trees rush by,
Or you look across the prairies,
Till they seem to meet the sky;
On the café car.

Now you crawl out on a trestle,
Kinder cautious like and slow;
There is only air about you,
And a tiny stream below.

Then you plunge into a tunnel,
Where it gets as dark as night;
And it happens all so sudden
You forget to make a light;
On the café car.

Now you wind along a river,
Or a canyon deep and wide;
Now you see some snow-capped mountain,
Now into the station glide.
Then you go out on a special,
And you stay a week or two,
And you see some "sure nuff cowboys,"
And "some real red Injuns," too;
On the café car.

Coming back your car will "dead-head,"
For perhaps a quite a space;
And you rear back in the parlor,
Just as if you owned the place.
Then there comes a great big picnic,
Or perhaps a holiday,
And out from the crowded city,
Lots of folks will go away;
On the café car.

Soon the dining room is crowded,
Just as tight as it can be,
And you try to keep your bearings,
But you soon go up a tree;
Some old maid says, "please, some butter,"
Some old bach. "I want a drink,"
Five or six call, "Waiter, waiter";
And no longer can you think,
On the café car.

Then you see some farmer trav'ling
For the first time in his life;
He will order something fancy,
And will eat it with his knife.
Then the passengers around him
On the floor will almost roll,
As they see him drink the water
Poured out in the finger bowl;
On the café car.

Then you get four in a party,
Just about the last of all;
The mother she is short and fat,
And the husband lank and tall,
The kids are strange and gawky-like,
And are still more strangely dressed;
The mother all the questions asks;
And she orders for the rest;
On the café car.

"Say, is that the Frazer River?
And the Frazer Mountain, too?
We are nearly starving, waiter;
Won't you rush our order through?
You can bring me in, please, waiter,
Just one big, brown Sally Lunn.
Let me see now, for my daughter,
Almost any kind of bun";
On the café car.

"You can bring my little man, here,
Just one good crisp piece of toast;
And a lamb chop for my husband.
Dear, oh, dear, it seems I'll roast";

And the kids they sniggle, giggle,
And they squirm and twist around.
And the old man acts right hen-pecked,
And he jumps at every sound;
On the café car.

"Bring us one small pot of coffee,
And some water in a pot,
And four cups to serve it in, please;
And be sure the water's hot.
I guess that's about all, thank you.
Now, please, waiter, don't be long,
All of us are nearly starving,
Have the coffee good and strong";
On the café car.

You go out and get the order,
And you come back on the run;
For you know that she will tip you,
When your duty you have done.
But when they have finished eating
To your feelings you give vent,
You have served some twenty people,
But you haven't made a cent;
On the café car.

TO DR. WILLIAM A. CREDITT

I have no old acquaintance,
Nor any have I known,
Whose trials have been greater,
My dear friend, than thine own;
Yet no more Christlike spirit
Would I dare ask to see;
A source of inspiration
Thy life has been to me.

Though tempted and discouraged,
Let not all hope be gone.
This is the darkest hour,
Which just precedes the dawn.
That school for which thou livest
Shall yet go marching forth,
And men shall love and hail it
"Tuskeegee of the North."

No mark of His displeasure
Doth trials always show,
Those whom God blessed most largely
Did oft' most troubles know.
For Job lost all his cattle,
And all his earthly store
And then with boils was covered
Till he grew sick and sore?

But God, when Job still trusted,
His every effort blest.
He multiplied his riches
And gave him peace and rest.
So be thou not discouraged,
Though burdened down with care;
Thou still hast friends around thee
Who will thy trials share.

That heart that feels most anguish
Most sympathy can show;
And he can give most comfort
Who doth most sorrow know.
Good men through all the ages
For right have bled and died;
The Savior's life was perfect,
Yet he was crucified!

Thou canst not win earth's praises
Except thou stand its scorns;
Nor canst thou gather roses
And not be pricked by thorns.
The master of musicians
Ne'er plays his sweetest strain
Till grief and disappointment
Have rent his soul in twain.

The flowers bloom most lovely
When thunders loudly roll.
The poet sings his sweetest
When sorrows fill his soul.
The storm out on the ocean
Doth make us love the calm;
The heart most often wounded
Doth know the sweetest balm.

THY CALLING

If thou shouldst have a mission in this life,
A something which thou feelest thou must do,
Be not too quick to tell the world thy plan,
But first make sure thy cause be just and true.
And when by careful study, too, and prayer
Thou hast convinced thyself that thou art right,
Then never let that vision fade from view,
But to attain it strive with all thy might.

And should a doubting horde deride and frown,
Or at thy failure clap their hands with glee,
Straight up and to the front hold thou thy head,
And close thine ears, nor use thine eyes to see.
But if some loving friend thy praise should sing,
Let not thy heart be overfilled with pride;
But bow thy head with meekness and with fear,
Lest some faint trace of vanity abide.

For when the heart of man becometh vain,
Disaster soon doth follow in his wake;
But meekness is a rock that sinketh deep,
Which all the hosts of Satan cannot shake.
To thine appointed calling then be true,
And on the star of hope hold fast thine eyes,
And know that thou canst conquer if thou wilt,
Then shalt thou almost surely gain the prize.

But shouldst by some sad chance thou fail,
And fall sore wounded in life's constant fray,
Cringe not, as would a cur beneath the lash,
Nor to the foeman's blackest threat give way!
But dare to let him see, though all be o'er,
That still thy soul doth cling to what is right!
Then may thou close thine eyes and rest in peace.
For truly thou hast won a noble fight.

DOWN WITH THE DIVER

Come where the waves on the ocean toss high;
Come where the deep waters silently lie;
Come where the strange looking animals creep,
Down with the diver, down in the deep.

Over the side of the vessel he goes,
Meeting with dangers which none but he knows;
Down by some coral reef, jagged and steep,
Down with the diver, down in the deep.

Down where the sea-monsters, slimy and fierce,
Struggle, his helmet and air-line to pierce;
Where glowing eyes from the dark caverns peep,
Down with the diver, down in the deep.

Down where the shark and the devil fish play;
Down where the hulks of the derelict ships stay;
Down where the mermaids all gather to weep,
Down with the diver, down in the deep.

Down where the coffers of rich treasures lie,
Where pirates sank them in ages gone by;
Where weary spirits their long watches keep,
Down with the diver, down in the deep.

Where mystic shadows spread on the sea floor,
Down in some place which he knew not before;
Down where the sailors of past ages sleep,
Down with the diver, down in the deep.

WON'T YOU PLEASE COME BACK AGAIN?

When the sun sinks low at the gay seashore,
And the children quit their play,
And they leave the beach, and their forts of sand,
Then until another day.
And the crowds grow thick on the great board-walk,
And a stream of chairs roll by.
And the piers are white in a blaze of light,
And the ev'ning breezes sigh.

Though the lovers sit until late at night,
And they spoon upon the sands;
And the breezes waft to their listening ears
The sweet music of the bands,
And the moonbeams dance with their silvery feet,
There upon the rippling sea.
And, though all the world seems so bright and gay,
There is still no joy for me.

Then my thoughts to you, like the rolling chairs,
In a constant stream do flow.
And I live once more in those happy days,
Which now seem so long ago;
And my soul cries out for the sight of you,
And my heart is filled with pain,
And I long to hold you within my arms;
Won't you please come back again?

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

It was on a Sunday ev'ning
As he paused before the door
Of the church upon the corner,
Just a drunkard, ragged, poor.
Now he hears the call to service,
As the chimes the sexton rings;
And a welcome invitation
Unto all their music brings.

Now the crowds go in to worship,
And they see him standing there.
While some pass him by unnoticed,
Others for him breathe a prayer:
Now there comes a solemn youngster,
With a step so staid and slow.
First he pauses near the other,
Then walks up and whispers low:

"Mister, please, are you a Christian?"
And the drunkard's bleary eyes
For a moment flash with anger,
Then the look turns to surprise,
Still no word has he yet uttered,
For his heart is filled with woe;
But the child waits for an answer.
So he sadly answers, "No."

Now the sexton ceases pulling,
And the bells no longer ring;
But the choir has arisen,
And it sweetly starts to sing.
"Must I go, and empty-handed,
Must I meet my Savior so?
Not one soul with which to greet him,
Must I empty-handed go?"

And the man becomes convicted;
In his soul is waged a fight
As two spirits strive for power;
One is wrong, the other right.
Said the child, "I'd be so happy
Could I win one soul today;
Mister, please, oh, don't refuse me,
Won't you come inside and pray?"

As the drunkard hears him pleading
Back to childhood runs his mind;
When around a loving mother
His young arms were once entwined.
Now he sees her, old and feeble,
Waiting for him day by day;
While he breaks her heart by sinning
And by wand'ring far away.

Now the congregation rises,
Ev'ry person present sings
And the youngster joins in with them;
Sweet and clear his young voice rings,
"Not at death I shrink or falter,
For my Savior saves me now;
But to meet him empty-handed
Thought of that now clouds my brow."

And that stony heart is broken,
  And the man cannot refuse,
So he lets the youngster lead him,
  And decides the good to choose.
And they slowly walk together
  Down the center of the aisle.
Through the church there runs a whisper,
  Here and there appears a smile.

Said the preacher, hand uplifted,
  "I have just a word to say.
Would that we had more young Christians,
  Let us bow our heads and pray."
And the drunkard came to Jesus,
  And forsook his ways so wild;
Rescued from the downward journey
  By the pleading of a child.

SINCE BUB'S GONE AWAY

Ev'ry one is sad an' weary,
  Days don't seem so wahm an' bright,
Pains my heart to look at mammy
  By de empty crib at night.

Faw my little bruthah's lef' us,
  Gone up in de skies to dwell,
Life faw me ain't wuth de livin'
  Hu'ts me mo'e dan words can tell.

Neighbo's boys don't come so often,
  When dey do dey don't stay long,
Mammy nevah sings no mo'e now,
  Hasn't got de heaht faw song.

Since my little bruthah's lef' us
Fido, he don't romp an' play,
Lays beside Bub's little wagon,
Head between his paws all day.

Wasn't dat a awful pity?
Only bruthah dat I had,
An' since he has gone to heaven
Pap an' mammy bofe is sad.

Chickens, too, is dull an' sleepy,
Got so dey don't even lay.
Bub ain't hyeah you know to feed 'em
Half a dozen times a day.

An' since he has gone an' lef' us
I has had so much to do,
'Cause I has to do my own work
An' besides do his'n too.

But I spose 'twill soon be ovah,
Mammy says dat life ain't long,
Some day we will go to meet him,
See him wid de angel th'ong.

'Wish dat it would be tomorrow,
I'm tiahd as can be,
Ev'ry t'ing dat's good why Bub gits,
Nuthin' evah comes to me.

Hyeah Ise got to worsh de dishes
Jis' cause I is big an' strong,
While Bub sits up daih in Heaven
Eatin' honey all day long.

An' you see dat tu'key gobblah.

WHEN DADDY HOL'S YO' HAN'

Dough you may be jis a youngstah
  Dat is almos' 'fraid to talk;
An' so small an' weak an' timid
  Dat you jis can baihly walk,
Daih is boun' to come a time, when you
  Will feel you is a man,
An' it's when you's wid yo' daddy
  An' he hol's you by de han'.

Den temptations an' vexations,
  Seems to vanish at de sight
Ob you when you's wid yo' daddy,
  An' to trimble at yo' might.
An' it seems so strange an' culiah,
  Dat you jis can't undahstan'
Whaih dat awful powah comes from,
  When yo' daddy hol's yo' han'!

You can go down in de cellah
  Whaih it's jis as black as pitch,
Fin' yo' way in all de conahs
  An' come out wid out a hitch.
Bring de taters up faw suppah
  In yo' mammy's bakin' pan.
If yo' daddy goes down wid you,
  An' will hol' you by de han'!

Den de dahkest nights ob wintah
Seems as cleah an' bright as spring,
When de days am wahm an' sunny;
An' you hyeah de robins sing,
An' de spooks an' ghostes vanish;
When beside yo' dad you stan'
If he only will be keerful
Faw to hol' you by de han'.

Den dat great, big, ole New Foun'lan'
Keeps his place back in de yahd;
Don't come runnin' out to skaih you,
An' don't wag his tail so hahd;
He is skaihd you'll knock him ovah;
An' he knows right well you can,
When he sees you wid you' daddy
An' he hol's you by de han'.

Den you feels jis like a soljah
Dat am ma'chin' in parade,
When de ban's am jist a playin'
An' de flags am all displayed.
An' de crowds am wildly cheerin'
As along de line dey stan'
When you goes out wid yo' daddy
An' he hol's you by de han'.

But yo' dad ain't always wid you;
He ain't got de time to fool,
An' you see dat tu'key gobblah,
When you's on yo' way to school.
Laws a Mussey! den sich runnin'
An' a kickin' up de san',
When yo' daddy's not beside you
Faw to hol' you by de han'.

But as soon as you has passed him
  Den you slows down to a walk
An' you looks back at de tu'key,
  An' like dis you stahts to talk.
"I could chase a thousan' gobblahs
  An' could run 'em off de lan'
If my daddy jis was wid me
  Faw to hol' me by de han'."

MY MOTHER

What friend on earth do I love best,
Whose light shines far above the rest,
And who my whole long life has blest?
  My mother.

Who, when I was a little lad
And played some prank or acted bad
Would whip me though it made her sad?
  My mother.

Who told me of the golden rule,
And then to see I should not fool
Would lead me off to Sunday school?
  My mother.

While at her knee I bowed my head
Who listened while my prayers I said,
And then would tuck me safe in bed?
  My mother.

Who when she thought I was asleep
Back to my cot would gently creep,
And pray the Lord her boy to keep?
  My mother.

Who in those grim, dark days of yore,
Oft' toiled 'till heart and hands grew sore,
The wolf to keep back from the door?
My mother.

And often in some troubled place
Who,—while the tears streamed down her face,—
With prayers besieged a throne of grace?
My mother.

Who shields me now from every woe,
And still seems near where e'er I go,
And makes me try and walk just so?
My mother.

PO' GRAN'PAP

De possums got so bad one fall
Dey 'stroyed mos' all de co'n;
An' possum hunts was reglar den,
From sunset until dawn.
An' gran'pap used to axe my paw
To let him go along;
But paw, an' Uncle John, an' Pete
All said he wasn't strong.

Dey said he better stay at home
An' talk to Bub an' me;
Now Bub was Gran'pap's favorite,
So he sot on his knee.
An' one night Bub he begged my paw
To please let gran'pap go
An' cried so hahd dat paw and 'em
Jus' couldn't tell him no.

An' so dey tuhned de houn's all loose,
An' shouldered up daih load,
Dey took a gun, a axe, an' saw,
An' went on down de road.
'Bout five miles out de dogs commenced
A bayin' in de brush,
An' to a great big holler log
Dey come up wid a rush.

An' paw, an' Uncle John, an' Pete
Said "Dats a possum sho;
I guess we'll hab to smoke him out,
Dats all de way I know."
Dey gathered leaves, an' sticks, an' stuff
An' filled dat log wid smoke,
Den held a bag across de hole
An' all laughed at de joke.

When dey had waited quite a while
But still no possum come
Gran'pap said " 'Less he hurries up
I'll be a goin' home."
Jus' den dat tree got full ob noise,
Ob growls, an' screeches loud,
A wil' cat busted thoo dat bag
An' out into de crowd!

Well paw, an' Uncle John, an' Pete
Fawgot about de gun;
Dey saw de houn's was leavin' too,
So dey commenced to run.
De way dey run dat night, paw said,
It sholy was a sin;
Dat wil' cat stood no show wid dem
Dey nachly split de win'.

Dey come a tearin' down de road
An' thoo de cabin do';
An' Uncle Pete was almos' gone
He fell out on de flo'.
An' ev'ry one was skaihd to death
An' wondered what to do,
Till mammy brought huh camphor oil,
An' dat soon brought him to.

Jus' den my paw he looked aroun'
His eyes was wide wid fright,
He said "I wish we'd staid at home
An' not went out tonight.
Because po' gran'pap, Oh, my Lawd,
We lef' him daih alone!
Suppose dat wil' cat eats him up?"
Den all commenced to groan.

An' Uncle John said "Le's go back
An' hunt him right away,"
But Uncle Pete sot up an' said,
"We better wait till day."
An' den my bruthah Bub stepped out,
His face was filled wid frowns,
He said "Why gran'pap's fas' asleep,
He come in wid de houn's."

DAT OLE-TIME RELIGION

My! ev'ry t'ing seems new and strange
In dis heah mode'n day,
An' all de ole-time lan'ma'ks, too,
Has done and passed away;
De meetin' house upon de hill,
Whaih mammy use' to go,
Has been to'e down an' in its place
A new one built, you know.

But us old folks what's livin' now,
To res' will all be laid:
An' some one else ouah places fill
Befo'e de debt is paid.
Dey's got a big pipe-o'gan daih,
An' ca'pets on de floo';
An' cushions is on ev'ry seat
From pulpit to de doo'.

Yes, I must say, it was a shame
Dat ole chu'ch to destroy;
My mammy took me daih wid huh
When I was jis a boy.
Aldough, besides de leaky roof,
De floo' was kind o' rough;
As long as it was free from debt
I t'ink 'twas good enaugh.

An' we had such good meetin's daih;
Dey was jis plain an' straight,
But, seein' all de good dey done,
I t'ink dat dey was great;
De preachah he would often say
A kindly word faw some,
An' othahs wa'n, wid haste to flee
From dat fierce wrath to come.

An' how I loved to heah him pray,
Faw nothin' he would miss;
When he had ev'ry blessin' sought
He'd end up 'bout like dis:
"Oh, Lawd, do please stan' by us as
We draw dis fleeting breath,
An' 'ceive ouah blood-bought spirits when
Ouah eyes have closed in death."

De congregation den would staht
To sing dis good old hymn,
Dat seemed to reach de th'one ob God,
As all would sing wid vim:
"Mus' Jesus beah de cross alone,
An' all the worl' go free?
No, daih's a cross faw ev'ry one,
An' daihs a cross faw me!"

An' as dey sung, dat melody
Into my heaht would sink;
An' O de sweetness which my
From dis las' verse would drink:
"O glorious cross, O precious Crown,
O ressurecshun day,
De angels from de stars come down
An' beah my soul away."

Daih wa'nt no big pipe-o'gans den,
Daih wa'nt no fashions new,
Daih wa'nt no ca'pets on de floo',
Naw cushions in de pew.
But what was mo'e de grace ob God
Was in de heahts ob men,
An' people went to chu'ch an' prayed
An' got religion den.

But t'ings has changed in dat new chu'ch;
It seems so strange an' col'.
An' no one seems to worry when
A lamb strays from de fol'.
I likes dese mode'n chu'ches dough,
Faw styles I loves to see;
But dat ole-time religion still
Is good enough faw me.

WHEN GRANNY'S PEELIN' APPLES

Gee, I'm glad that it is winter,
'Cause I know I'll have some fun
Coastin' on the hill with brother,
When our home work all is done.
We can also visit granny
Almost every Saturday,
And if we are good she'll let us
In the garret go, and play.

An' I love to visit granny,
'Cause she always acts so nice,
An' when you are eatin' dinner
She will always help you twice;
Always makes you eat a-plenty,
Says, "You must or you won't grow."
Now I wonder why that grannies,
More than mothers seem to know.

Granny's got a great big cat, too,
And I guess he stands that high;
But there's something strange about him,
'Cause he won't eat apple pie.
Then she's got the cutest pie pans—
Ain't no bigger 'round than this;
An' she always fills them "special,"
Ev'ry day that we don't miss.

When the cellar door she opens,
Granny down the steps will go,
And they kinder creak beneath her,
As she treads them sure and slow.
Though she tells us that we needn't,
Right behind her we will run;
For we know she's after apples,
And there soon will be some fun.

'Cause when granny's peelin' apples
She can use such funny terms;
Says, "you mustn't eat the peelin's
Or you'll be contractin' germs."
But I like to get a peelin'
That is striped with red an' brown,
An' its fun to hold it up, so
Then just kinder eat it down.

An' when granny's peelin' apples,
If we act right good an' nice,
She will take a nice, big ripe one
An' will cut us off a slice.
An' when granny's peelin' apples
There's a twinkle in her eyes
As she says, "Go play, you youngsters,
Or you'll get no apple pies."

IN SLAVERY DAYS

'Cindy deah, I jes was settin' hyeah a thinkin'
Dat Ise had a many blessin' in my life,
But de greatest is dat I is still a livin'
Faw to be hyeah at de side of my deah wife.
If you look back at de dangers we has come thoo,
It's a myst'ry dat we's bofe alive tonight;
We has come thoo thick an' thin, you know, togethah,
An' at times de way was ev'ryting but bright.

Co'se we had de bes' ole mastah in de South lan',
An' ole mistis she was nice as she could be,
An' daih wa'n't a t'ing upon dat whole plantation
Dat dey'd hesitate to trust wid you an' me.
But de mastahs wasn't all as kind as ouah's,
An' wid pity ouah hearts did often bleed
At de cruel way de othah slaves was treated:
Yes, it was a awful, awful shame indeed.

If one happened not to pick enough ob cotton
Dey would beat him 'till de blood run down his back.
If he tried to run away ferocious bloodhoun's,
Also men wid guns was put upon his track!

An' sometimes he would be caught an' to'e to pieces,
Aftah he had run 'till he was out o' breath!
Aw else in de dismal swamp would loose his bearin's,
An' would wandah roun' 'till he had stahved to death.

Often husban's from daih wives was separated;
An' young chillen taken from daih mothah's ahms,
To be sol' way off in some fah distant county,
Whaih dey couldn't no mo'e see each othah's cha'ms!
Den you know the Southe'n States become rebellious,
T'ings seemed jis as hopeless den as dey could be,
Faw de slaves was often fo'ced to help daih mastahs
Fight against de side dat aimed to set 'em free.

Yes, dem days was mighty dahk an' mighty bittah,
An' de briny teahs ouah cheeks did often burn;
But bofe night an' day we sought de Lawd's assistance
An' at las' dat "Lane ob Misery" retched its turn.
Faw Mas' Lincoln wouldn't tolerate no foolin'
An' he tole dem se'eded States like dis, said he—
"Now if you all don't come back into dis Union,
I is jist a gwine to set de slaves all free."

But dey said dey didn't 'tend to jine de Union,
So de Union stahted draftin' slaves you know,
Co'se I didn't like to leave ouah good ole massa;
But Mas' Lincoln called an' I jis had to go.
An' dey gimme dat same flag daih in de conah,
An' we started out an' ma'ched de whole night long,
Den ouah comp'ny jined wid Ginral Sherman's ahmy,
An' we plunged into de battle wid a song.

Well, faw weeks an' mont's we fought dem Rebel soljahs
'Till along 'tween sixty-five an' sixty-three,
It was at de cou't house daih at Appomattox,
Ouah ahmy met wid dat ob Gin'ral Lee.
Well, we marched 'till we was jis dat close up to 'em
So dat we could almos' look 'em in de eye,
Den ob cou'se ouah Gin'ral yelled faw us to fiah,
An' we raised ouah guns an' let de bullets fly.

An' de shells was jis a bustin' all about us,
Wid de dead an' dying layin' all aroun',
An' de colahs dey was almos' shot to pieces!
But dat flag o' mine aint nevah teched de groun'!
Aftah dat you know ole Gin'ral Lee surrendered,
Faw daih wa'nt no use to fight no longah den;

'Cause his soljahs dey was killed off by de thousan'
An' he knowed dat he would soon run out ob men.

So he took his hat off to de Union ahmy,
An' tole Gin'ral Grant his was de victory,
Den Mas' Lincoln he done jis as he had promised;
He jis broke de ban's an' set de slaves all free.
I remember, den, at las' as we was leavin',
Aftah we had knowed no othah home faw yeahs,
How ole Massa let us hab de mule an' wagon,
An' ole mistis eyes, you know, was full of teahs.

An' she said, "now, Sam, you take good keer of 'Cindy,
An' remembah she's de bes' frien' you has got,
May de Lawd bless bofe ob you an' all de younguns,"
An' dem words dey sho has helped a mighty lot.
Den we reached an' settled hyeah in Pennsylvania,
An' ouah younguns kep' on growin' big an' strong,
We was lonesome dough for Liza, Jim, an' Susan,
An' we use' to send 'em lettahs right along.

An' de nex' yeah Massa Lincoln called bofe
ahmies
Into Washin'ton an' held de great review,
Cose I ma'ched an' you went daih to see me,
An' I tink we took de younguns wid us, too.
Aftah dat you know daih come to us a lettah,
An' de contents of de missive Viny read,
Den she said, "Why, pop an' mammy, I is
sorry,
But ole massa an' ole mistis bofe is dead."

Den you know we bofe sot daih an' cried to-
gethah,
An' we pitied all ob dem lef' on de place,
'Cause we knowed 'twould be so very sad an'
lonesome,
'Thout ole massa's an' ole mistis' kindly face.
An' we nevah got no lettahs aftah dat one,
So I s'pose de res' has also passed away,
An yo' day an mine will soon be comin' Cindy,
We aint got much longah hyeah on ea'th to
stay.

An' den when at las' life's battle's fought an
ended
An' de vict'ry has been won on Isre'l's side,
An' de soljahs ob de Lawd shall ma'ch up
yondah,
Whaih no wah, naw sin, naw death can den
betide.
An' de Gin'ral ob de ea'th reviews his ahmy,
What a hallelujah time it den will be!
An' we'll see ole mas' an' mis', an' Massa
Lincoln,
Yes, indeed, I know we'll hab a jubilee.

DADDY'S FAT BABY.

Who's dat you's peekin' at,
  You Miss Melvina?
Who said dat you could play
  Dat concertina?
I kin bofe see an' hyear.
Come from behine dat cheer.
Now I'se gwyne keep you hyear,
  Daddy's fat baby.

Look at dem dimpled cheeks,
  All fat and greasy;
Goodness! you sho has been
  Takin' life easy.
Nothin' at all to do,
But play de whole day thoo,
You lump ob sugah you,
  Daddy's fat baby.

What's dat you's sayin' now?
  Gib you a penny!
Now jis supposen Miss
  I ain't got any?
You is a nuisance sho,
Maybe I'se got one dough,
But don't you want no mo'e,
  Daddy's fat baby.

What is you gwyne to git?
  "Some 'lasses candy!"
Dat stoah keeps me broke,
  Bein' so handy.

Go 'long den honey chile,
Glad dat it ain't a mile,
Laws'ee, ain't dat a smile!
Daddy's fat baby.

Well, you is back so soon,
Messed up with taffy!
Chile, I does sho believe
You's gwyin daffy!
Buyin' dat sticky stuff,
Like you wa'n't sweet enough.
You sholy is a bluff,
Daddy's fat baby.

But you'll do bettah dough
When you gits oldah.
Now lay yo' sleepy haid
On daddy's shouldah.
Let bofe yo' eyelids close,
God grant you sweet repose,
Heaht ob a livin' rose,
Daddy's fat baby!

THE UNFAITHFUL.

The dream that I cherished is shattered.
The sunshine has fled from the sky
The ideals I once held are scattered,
I think of my fate with a sigh.

For you, whom I love, have deceived me;
To each spoken vow proved untrue;
But I am not sighing for vengeance,
I'll heap no ill wishes on you.

I leave you the way that I found you,
No better, but thank God, no worse
Go back to the one who defiled you,
That his, and not mine be the curse.

MIGRATION SONG.

Goodness Liza, stop dat whinin',
Like as if dat you was pinin'
Case dat comp'ny I is jinin'
Faw de Norf.

Jis because I'll soon be leavin'
I don't want to see you grievin',
Folks 'ill t'ink dat I'm deceivin'
You my love.

Yes I know yo' heaht am achin'
Case my own am nearly breakin'
Sich a journey to be takin'
Fah from you.

But I'se gwine to save my money
Till de weathah's wahm an' sunny,
Den I'll sen' faw you, my honey,
'Deed I will.

Kiss me now, de train am goin'
To a lan' whaih it am snowin'
An' de chilly win's am blowin'
Way up Norf.

But I promise to remembah
Same in June as in Decembah,
An' we'll mahy in Septembah.
Good-bye "Lize."

RASTUS AND THE TURTLE.

Daih was a man who lived down souf,
His name was Rastus Snow;
An' on long jou'neys by his-self
Dis Rastus he would go.
As to de rivah one hot day
He went to take a swim
A tu'tle on a log he saw
A-smilin' right at him.

He swum out daih to whaih it was,
Den grabbed it by de tail,
An' faw his cabin back in town
Den Rastus hit de trail.
To ev'ry one dat he would meet
He eithah smiled aw bowed;
An' tol' 'em whaih he got it at;
I tell you he was proud!

Now 'Zekel Smif, who as you'll see,
Was nachly bad from choice,
Had took a co'espondence cou'se,
An' learned to th'ow his voice.
An' he was death on tu'tle soup;
Mos' anyt'ing he'd do
To git a big one faw his pot,
He sho could cook 'em, too.

When he saw Rastus wid de one
He had jis caught dat day,
A scheme he hatched out in his min'
To git it right away.

He said, "Say, boys, le's hab some fun
When Rastus comes along,
I'll th'ow my voice an' make him t'ink
Dat turtle's done gone wrong."

"An' if he puts it on de groun'
An' leaves it daih you see
He mus' not want it very bad,
Den it belongs to me."
Well, Rastus come a'steppin' up,
Quite biggety you know.
Den dat ole tu'tle up an' said
"Please, mistah, let me go?"

Well, Rastus stopped an' looked at him,
De pictur ob su'prise;
An' sho as fate why daih was teahs
In bofe de tu'tle's eyes.
"Oh, Mistah Rastus," den it said,
"Why can't you hyeah my plea,
Oh, don't cook me an' eat me up!
Please, mistah, set me free."

But Rastus still hel' on to him,
De crowd commenced to yell;
An' ev'ry time dat he would move,
Why 'Zeke would move as well.
An' den it said, "Why dats a sin
To live on tu'tle meat;
I know you'll git de stummick ache
'Cause I aint fit to eat!"

Den Rastus said, "I guess you aint,
I 'gree wid you on dat,
An' all Ise gwine to do wid you
Is drap you whaih you's at!"

An' Rastus let him go "ker-plunk,"
An' hurried on his way,
An' 'Zekel Smif, so I am told,
Had tu'tle soup nex' day.

RING OUT YE BELLS.

Ring out ye bells with joyful sound,
And spread the tidings all around
That men may know a King is crowned:
For Jesus reigns to-day.

No more the tomb His form doth hold;
He doth not lie there still and cold.
By angels, back the stone was rolled,
And He came forth to-day.

Ring out, with loud triumphant ring.
Ring out, and let all nations sing
Hosannas to the Risen King
Who rules the earth to-day.

His precious life for man He gave;
He died, the world from sin to save.
Now He has conquered death and grave,
Let all rejoice to-day.

Ring out yet bells with merry chime;
Ring out ye bells with joy sublime!
Ring out, for this is Easter time,
Ring out, Ring out to-day.

DE REASON WHY I SMILE

You ax me why I allus smile,
  An' look so gay an' bright;
While othah folks gits blue an' glum
  When t'ings don't go jis right;
An' how I keeps my tempah sweet
  An' even all de while;
So I is gwine to try my bes'
  To tell you why I smile.

Why even when Ise burdened down
  Until Ise 'bout to drop,
An' when life's wheels gits clogged wid rust,
  An' tries daih bes' to stop;
An' troubles jis comes thick an' fas'
  An' heaps up in a pile;
If you say "watah-millon" den,
  Why I can't help but smile.

Some times I gits home tiahed out,
  An' hongry as can be;
But not a single t'ing to eat
  Is waitin' daih faw me;
An' den my tempah gits so hot
  It seems about to bile,
Den 'Liza brings a millon out
  An' I can't help but smile.

Some times a nickel I ain't got,
  Can't even buy a match.
I longs to drown my sorrows den
  In some one's millon patch.
An' so I walks on down de road,
  An' in a little while,
Daih's millons all aroun' my feet,
  Den I can't help but smile.

I thumps an' hefts 'em, too, you know,
  Dem millions sho is fine;
I takes de bigges' one aroun'
  An' stahts back down de line.
A bulldog den gits aftah me
  An' chases me a mile;
But I has kep' dat millon still,
  So I can't help but smile.

I reaches home direc'ly den,
  An' bustes it in two,
An' it is juicy, ripe, an' red,
  An' sweet as sugah, too;
Den I jis nachly shows my teef,
  An' smile, an' smile, an' smile,
When I eats watah-millon, man,
  I jis can't help but smile.

JUST MAMMY'S WAY

You Obadiah Lincoln Jones!
  What's dat you's doin' daih?
Now boy if I come aftah you
  I'll wahm you up faw faih.
You come in hyeah dis instance, suh,
  An' worsh yo' han's an' face,
Befo'e I git dem switches daih
  An' run you off dis place.

Hyeah all day long you's been out doo's
  A rollin' in de dust.
While dis po' tiahed head o' mine
  Been achin' fit to bust.
Since you has been a runnin' round
  Wid dem no-counted boys,
Why you has put nigh drove me wild
  A keepin' sich a noise.

Ise been too easy all along
  An' let you hab yo' way;
Dats jis de reason why dat you
  Ain't wuth yo' salt today;
But dat has sholy got to stop;
  An' say don't you fawget
Dat I is still yo' mammy, suh,
  You's got to min' me yet.

Daih ain't no use to wall yo' eyes
An' watch dem aigs' an' ham!
I s'pose you tink dat I can't see
Yo' mouf all smeahed wid jam.
Shet up an' take dat mouf in suh!
Don't pout at me no mo'e.
Fust ting you know you'll fin' yo'self
A sprawlin' on dat floo'!

Now I want you to hurry up,
You good-for-nothin' brat!
I'm sick an' tiahed seein' you
A pokin' long like dat!
Why you must t'ink its fun faw me
To stan' up hyeah an' scol',
While evah blessed t'ing Ise cooked
Is gettin' icy col'.

A widder 'oman sho do hab
A hahd time in dis life,
Nex' time I mahy bet you I
Won't be no po man's wife,
An' hab a lot of young uns round
Dat allus wants to play,
"If in my heaht I do not yiel'
I'll ovah-come some day."

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